Act V. LADY JANE GRAY. Scene last

De Wilde pinxt Audinet sculp.

MRS INCHBALD as LADY JANE GRAY.

In dear remembrance of thy love. I leave thee
This book, the law of everlasting truth.

London, Printed for J Bell British Library, Strand Novr 26. 1791.

[illegible]

A

TRAGEDY,

AS [illegible] BY

[illegible]

AT THE

[illegible] THEATRES-ROYAL

[illegible] AND COVENT-GARDEN.

Printed for the Proprietors, and [illegible]

JOHN BELL, British Library,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

MDCCXCV.

LADY JANE GRAY.

LADY JANE GRAY.

A

TRAGEDY,

BY N. ROWE, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND.

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

MDCC-XCI.

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

A Princess of the same royal blood to which you are so closely and so happily allied, presumes to throw herself at the feet of your Royal Highness for protection. The character of that excellent lady, as it is delivered down to us in history, is very near the same with the picture I have endeavoured to draw of her; and if, in the poetical colouring, I have aim'd at heightening and improving some of the features, it was only to make her more worthy of those illustrious hands to which I always intended to present her.

As the British nation in general is infinitely indebted to your Royal Highness: so every particular person amongst us ought to contribute according to their several capacities and abilities, towards the discharging that public obligation.

We are your debtors, Madam, for the preference you gave us, in choosing to wear the British, rather than the Imperial crown; for giving the best daughter to our king, and the best wife to our prince. It is to your Royal Highness we owe the security that shall be delivered down to our children's children, by a most hopeful and beautiful, as well as a numerous royal

issue. These are the bonds of our civil duty: but your Royal Highness has laid us under others, yet more sacred and engaging; I mean those of religion. You are not only the brightest ornament, but the patroness and defender of our holy faith.

Nor is it Britain alone, but the world, but the present and all succeeding ages, who shall bless your royal name, for the greatest example that can be given of a disinterested piety, and unshaken constancy.

This is what we may certainly reckon amongst the benefits your Royal Highness has conferred upon us. Though, at the same time, how partial soever we may be to ourselves, we ought not to believe you declined the first crown of Europe, in regard to Britain only. No, Madam, it is in justice to your Royal Highness that we must confess, you had more excellent motives for so great an action as that was, since you did it in obedience to the dictates of reason and conscience, for the sake of true religion, and for the honour of God. All things that are great have been offered to you; and all things that are good and happy, as well in this world as a better, shall become the reward of such exalted virtue and piety. The blessings of our nation, the prayers of our church, with the faithful service of all good men, shall wait upon your Royal Highness as long as you live; and whenever, for the punishment of this land, you shall be taken from us,

your sacred name shall be dear to remembrance, and Almighty God, who alone is able, shall bestow on you the fulness of recompence.

Amongst the several offerings of duty which are made to you here, be graciously pleased to accept of this unworthy trifle, which is, with the greatest respect and lowest submission, presented to your Royal Highness, by,

Madam,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient, most devoted, and,

Most faithful humble servant,

N. ROWE.

THE PREFACE.

THOUGH I have very little inclination to write prefaces before works of this nature; yet, upon this particular occasion, I cannot but think myself obliged to give some account of this Play, as well in justice to myself, as to a very learned and ingenious gentleman, my friend, who is dead. The person I mean, was Mr. Smith, of Christ-Church, Oxon: one, whose character I could, with great pleasure, enter into, if it was not already very well known to the world. As I had the happiness to be intimately acquainted with him, he often told me, that he designed writing a Tragedy upon the story of Lady Jane Gray; and if he had lived, I should never have thought of meddling with it myself: but as he died without doing it, in the beginning of last summer, I resolved to undertake it. And, indeed, the hopes I had of receiving some considerable assistances from the papers he left behind him, were one of the principal motives that induced me to go about it. These papers were in the hands of Mr. Ducket, to whom my friend, Mr. Thomas Burnet, was so kind as to write, and procure them for me. The least return I can make to those gentlemen, is this public acknowledgment of their great civility on this occasion. I must confess, before those papers came to my hand, I had entirely formed the design, or fable, of my own play; and when I came to look them over, I found it was different from that which Mr. Smith intended; the plan of his being drawn after that which is in print of Mr. Banks; at least I thought so, by what I could pick out of his papers. To say the truth, I was a good deal surprised and disappointed at the sight of them. I hoped to have met with great part of the play written to my hand; or, at least, the whole of

the design regularly drawn out. Instead of that, I found the quantity of about two quires of paper written over in odd pieces, blotted, interlined, and confused. What was contained in them, in general, was loose hints of sentiments, and short obscure sketches of scenes. But how they were to be applied, or in what order they were to be ranged, I could not, by any diligence of mine (and I looked them very carefully over more than once), come to understand. One scene there was, and one only, that seemed pretty near perfect, in which Lord Guilford singly persuades Lady Jane to take the crown. From that I borrowed all that I could, and inserted it in my own third act. But indeed the manner and turn of his fable was so different from mine, that I could not take above five-and-twenty, or thirty lines at the most; and even in those I was obliged to make some alteration. I should have been very glad to have come into a partnership of reputation with so fine a writer as Mr. Smith was; but in truth, his hints were so short and dark (many of them marked even in short-hand), that they were of little use or service to me. They might have served as indexes to his own memory, and he might have formed a play out of them; but I dare say nobody else could. In one part of his design, he seems to differ from Mr. Banks, whose tale he generally designed to follow; since I observed in many of those short sketches of scenes, he had introduced queen Mary. He seemed to intend her character pitiful, and inclining to mercy; but urged on to cruelty by the rage and bloody dispositions of Bonner and Gardiner. This hint I had likewise taken from the late Bishop of Salisbury's History of the Reformation; who lays, and, I believe, very justly, the horrible cruelties that were acted at that time, rather to the charge of that persecuting spirit by which the clergy were then animated, than to the queen's own natural disposition.

Many people believed, or, at least said, that Mr. Smith left a play very near entire behind him. All that I am sorry for is, that it was not so in fact; I should have made no scruple of taking three, four, or even the whole five acts from him; but then I hope I should have had the honesty to let the world know they were his, and not take another man's reputation to myself.

This is what I thought necessary to say, as well on my own account, as in regard to the memory of my friend.

For the play, such as it is, I leave it to prosper as it can; I have resolved never to trouble the world with any public apologies for my writings of this kind, as much as I have been provoked to it. I shall turn this, my youngest child, out into the world, with no other provision than a saying which I remember to have seen before one of Mrs. Behn's:

Va! mon énfant, prend ta fortune.

LADY JANE GRAY.

THIS play has the general characteristics of ROWE's Tragedy; suavity, rather than strength, is the mark of his verse, and his thoughts rather swell with pomp than nature, are much more splendid than great.

In pathetic power it is infinitely below his SHORE; yet the resignation of JANE may affect those whose moral rectitude might refuse in the former play their sympathy to the sufferer, stained by illicit conduct, and only expiating ingratitude by penury and pain.

The chief praise of character must however be given to GARDINER—He displays the usual feelings of a Churchman; and we could extend a greater portion of applause to ROWE for the delineation, if we had not latterly been so much more gratified by a fuller development of the sacerdotal mind in the MYSTERIOUS MOTHER of Horace Walpole.

A PROLOGUE.

SENT BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

WHEN waking terrors rouze the guilty breast,
And fatal visions break the murd'rer's rest;
When vengeance does ambition's fate decree,
And tyrants bleed, to set whole nations free;
Tho' the muse saddens each distressed scene,
Unmov'd is ev'ry breast, and ev'ry face serene:
The mournful lines no tender heart subdue;
Compassion is to suff'ring goodness due.
The poet your attention begs once more,
T' atone for characters here drawn before;
No royal mistress sighs through ev'ry page,
And breathes her dying sorrows on the stage:
No lovely fair by soft persuasion won,
Lays down the load of life, when honour's gone.
Nobly to bear the changes of our state,
To stand unmov'd against the storms of fate,
A brave contempt of life, and grandeur lost:
Such glorious toils a female name can boast.
Our author draws not beauty's heavenly smile,
T' invite our wishes, and our hearts beguile;
No soft enchantments languish in her eye,
No blossoms fade, nor sick'ning roses die.
A nobler passion ev'ry breast must move,
Than youthful raptures, or the joys of love,

A mind unchang'd, superior to a crown,
Bravely defies the angry tyrant's frown;
The same, if fortune sinks, or mounts on high,
Or if the world's extended ruins lie:
With gen'rous scorn she lays the sceptre down;
Great souls shine brightest by misfortunes shown.
With patient courage she sustains the blow,
And triumphs o'er variety of woe.
Through ev'ry scene the sad distress is new:
How well feign'd life does represent the true!
Unhappy age! who views the bloody stain,
But must with tears record Maria's reign;
When zeal by doctrine flatter'd lawless will,
Instructed by Religion's voice to kill?
Ye British fair, lament in silent woe;
Let ev'ry eye with tender pity flow;
The lovely form, through falling drops, will seem
Like flow'ry shadows of the silver stream.
Thus beauty, heaven's sweet ornament, shall prove
Enrich'd by virtue, as ador'd by love.
Forget your charms, fond woman's dear delight,
The fops will languish here another night.
No conquest from dissembling smiles we fear;
She only kills, who wounds us with a tear.

PROLOGUE.

TO-night the noblest subject swells our scene,
A heroine, a martyr, and a queen;
And tho' the poet dares not boast his art,
The very theme shall something great impart,
To warm the gen'rous soul, and touch the tender heart.
To you, fair judges, we the cause submit;
Your eyes shall tell us how the tale is writ.
If your soft pity waits upon our woe,
If silent tears for suff'ring virtue flow;
Your grief the muse's labour shall confess,
The lively passions, and the just distress.
Oh, could our author's pencil justly paint,
Such as she was in life, the beauteous saint!
Boldly your strict attention might we claim,
And bid you mark and copy out the dame.
No wand'ring glance one wanton thought confess'd,
No guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast:
The only love that warm'd her blooming youth,
Was husband, England, liberty, and truth.
For these she fell, while, with too weak a hand,
She strove to save a blind, ungrateful land.
But thus the secret laws of fate ordain;
William's great hand was doom'd to break that chain,
And end the hopes of Rome's tyrannic reign.
For ever, as the circling years return,

Ye grateful Britons crown the hero's urn;
To his just care you ev'ry blessing owe,
Which, or his own, or following reigns bestow.
Tho' his hard fate a father's name deny'd;
To you a father, he that loss supply'd.
Then while you view the royal line's increase,
And count the pledges of your future peace;
From this great stock while still new glories come,
Conquest abroad, and liberty at home:
While you behold the beautiful and brave,
Bright princesses to grace you, kings to save,
Enjoy the gift, but bless the hand that gave.

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND,	Mr. Hull.
Duke of SUFFOLK,	Mr. Powell.
Lord GUILFORD DUDLEY,	Mr. Holman.
Earl of PEMBROKE,	Mr. Farren.
Earl of SUSSEX,	Mr. Thompson.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester	Mr. Harley.
Sir JOHN GATES,	Mr. Davies.
Lieutenant of the Tower,	Mr. Evatt.

Women.

Dutchess of SUFFOLK,	Mrs. Rock.
Lady JANE GRAY,	Mrs. Merry.

Lords of the Council, Gentlemen, Guards, Women, and Attendants.

SCENE, London.

LADY JANE GRAY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court. Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, *Duke of* SUFFOLK, *and Sir* JOHN GATES.

Northumberland.

'Tis all in vain; heav'n has requir'd its pledge,
And he must die.

Suff. Is there an honest heart,
That loves our England, does not mourn for Edward?
The genius of our isle is shook with sorrow,
" He bows his venerable head with pain,
" And labours with the sickness of his lord."
Religion melts in ev'ry holy eye;
" All comfortless, afflicted, and forlorn,
" She sits on earth, and weeps upon her cross,
" Weary of man, and his detested ways:

" Ev'n now she seems to meditate her flight,
" And waft her angels to the thrones above."

North. Ay, there, my lord, you touch our heaviest loss.

With him our holy faith is doom'd to suffer;
With him our church shall veil her sacred front,
" That late from heaps of Gothic ruins rose,
" In her first native simple majesty;
" The toil of saints, and price of martyrs' blood,
" Shall sail with Edward, and again Old Rome
" Shall spread her banners; and her monkish host,"
Pride, ignorance, and rapine, shall return;
Blind bloody zeal, and cruel priestly power,
Shall scourge the land for ten dark ages more.

Sir *J. G.* Is there no help in all the healing art,
No potent juice or drug to save a life
So precious, and prevent a nation's fate?

North. What has been left untry'd that art could do?

" The hoary wrinkled leech has watch'd and toil'd,
" Try'd ev'ry health-restoring herb and gum,
" And weary'd out his painful skill in vain.
" Close, like a dragon folded in his den,
" Some secret venom preys upon his heart;
" A stubborn and unconquerable flame
" Creeps in his veins, and drinks the streams of life;"
His youthful sinews are unstrung, cold sweats
And deadly paleness sit upon his visage,
And every gasp we look shall be his last.

Sir *J. G.* Doubt not, your graces, but the Popish faction
Will at this juncture urge their utmost force.
All on the princess Mary turn their eyes,
Well hoping she shall build again their altars,
And bring their idol-worship back in triumph.

" *North.* Good heav'n, ordain some better fate for England!

" *Suff.* What better can we hope, if she should reign?

" I know her well, a blinded zealot is she,
" A gloomy nature, sullen and severe.
" Nurtur'd by proud presuming Romish priests,
" Taught to believe they only cannot err,
" Because they cannot err; bred up in scorn
" Of reason, and the whole lay world; instructed
" To hate whoe'er dissent from what they teach,
" To purge the world from heresy by blood,
" To massacre a nation, and believe it
" An act well pleasing to the Lord of Mercy:
" These are thy gods, oh, Rome, and this thy faith!"

North. And shall we tamely yield ourselves to bondage?

Bow down before these holy purple tyrants,
And bid 'em tread upon our slavish necks?
No; let this faithful free-born English hand
First dig my grave in liberty and honour;
And though I found but one more thus resolv'd,
That honest man and I would die together.

Suff. Doubt not, there are ten thousand and ten thousand,
To own a cause so just.
Sir *J. G.* The list I gave
Into your grace's hand last night, declares
My power and friends at full. [*To* Northumb.
North. Be it your care,
Good Sir John Gates, to see your friends appointed
And ready for the occasion. Haste this instant,
Lose not a moment's time.
Sir *J. G.* I go, my lord. [*Exit Sir* J. Gates.
North. Your grace's princely daughter, lady Jane,
Is she yet come to court?
Suff. Not yet arriv'd,
But with the soonest I expect her here.
I know her duty to the dying king,
Join'd with my strict commands to hasten hither,
Will bring her on the wing.
North. Beseech your grace,
To speed another messenger to press her;
For on her happy presence all our counsels
Depend, and take their fate.
Suff. Upon the instant
Your grace shall be obey'd. I go to summon her.
[*Exit* Suffolk.
North. What trivial influences hold dominion
O'er wise men's counsels, and the fate of empire!
" The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,
" Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,
" Depend upon our husbanding a moment,

" And the light lasting of a woman's will;
" As if the lord of nature should delight
" To hang this pond'rous globe upon a hair,
" And bid it dance before a breath of wind."
She must be here, and lodg'd in Guilford's arms,
Ere Edward dies, or all we've done is marr'd.
Ha! Pembroke! that's a bar which thwarts my way?
His fiery temper brooks not opposition,
And must be met with soft and supple arts,
" With crouching courtesy, and honey'd words,"
Such as assuage the fierce, and bend the strong.

Enter the Earl of PEMBROKE.

Good-morrow, noble Pembroke: we have staid
The meeting of the council for your presence.

Pem. For mine, my lord! you mock your servant sure,
To say that I am wanted, where yourself,
The great Alcides of our state, is present.
Whatever dangers menace prince or people,
Our great Northumberland is arm'd to meet 'em:
The ablest head, and firmest heart you bear,
Nor need a second in the glorious task;
Equal yourself to all the toils of empire.

North. No; as I honour virtue, I have try'd,
And know my strength too well! nor can the voice
Of friendly flattery, like yours, deceive me.
I know my temper liable to passions,
And all the frailties common to our nature;
" Blind to events, too easy of persuasion,

" And often, too, too often, have I err'd:"
Much therefore have I need of some good man,
Some wise and honest heart, whose friendly aid
Might guide my treading thro' our present dangers;
And, by the honour of my name I swear,
I know not one of all our English peers,
Whom I wou'd choose for that best friend, like Pembroke.

Pem. " What shall I answer to a trust so noble,
" This prodigality of praise and honour?"
Were not your grace too generous of soul,
To speak a language differing from your heart,
How might I think you could not mean this goodness
To one whom his ill-fortune has ordain'd
The rival of your son.

North. No more; I scorn a thought
So much below the dignity of virtue.
'Tis true, I look on Guilford like a father,
Lean to his side, and see but half his failings:
But on a point like this, when equal merit
Stands forth to make its bold appeal to honour,
And calls to have the balance held in justice;
Away with all the fondnesses of nature!
I judge of Pembroke and my son alike.

Pem. I ask no more to bind me to your service.

North. The realm is now at hazard, and bold factions
Threaten change, tumult, and disastrous days.
These fears drive out the gentler thoughts of joy,
Of courtship, and of love. Grant, Heav'n, the state

To fix in peace and safety once again;
Then speak your passion to the princely maid,
And fair success attend you. For myself,
My voice shall go as far for you my lord,
As for my son, and beauty be the umpire.
But now a heavier matter calls upon us;
The king with life just lab'ring; and I fear,
The council grow impatient at our stay.

Pem. One moment's pause, and I attend your grace. [*Exit.* North.

Old Winchester cries to me oft, Beware
Of proud Northumberland. The testy prelate,
Froward with age, with disappointed hopes,
And zealous for old Rome, rails on the duke,
Suspecting him to favour the new teachers:
Yet ev'n in that, if I judge right, he errs.
But were it so, what are these monkish quarrels,
These wordy wars of proud ill-manner'd school-men,
To us and our lay interest? Let 'em rail
And worry one another at their pleasure.
This duke, of late, by many worthy offices,
Has sought my friendship. And yet more, his son,
The noblest youth our England has to boast of,
Has made me long the partner of his breast.
" Nay, when he found, in spite of the resistance
" My struggling heart had made, to do him justice,
" That I was grown his rival; he strove hard,
" And would not turn me forth from out his bosom,
" But call'd me still his friend." And see! He comes.

Enter Lord GUILFORD.

Oh, Guilford! just as thou wert ent'ring here,
My thought was running all thy virtues over,
And wond'ring how thy soul could choose a partner
So much unlike itself.

Guil. How cou'd my tongue
Take pleasure and be lavish in thy praise!
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature,
Thy open manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And in-born truth unknowing to dissemble!
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next heav'n, I trust.

Pem. Oh, generous youth;
What can a heart, stubborn and fierce, like mine,
Return to all thy sweetness?——Yet I wou'd,
I wou'd be grateful.——Oh, my cruel fortune!
Wou'd I had never seen her, never cast
Mine eyes on Suffolk's daughter!

Guil. So wou'd I!
Since 'twas my fate to see and love her first.

Pem. Oh! Why should she, that universal goodness,
Like light, a common blessing to the world,
Rise like a comet fatal to our friendship,
And threaten it with ruin?

Guil. Heaven forbid!
But tell me, Pembroke, Is it not in virtue
To arm against this proud imperious passion?
" Does holy friendship dwell so near to envy,

" She cou'd not bear to see another happy,"
If blind mistaken chance, and partial beauty
Should join to favour Guilford?

Pem. Name it not;
My fiery spirits kindle at the thought,
And hurry me to rage.

Guil. And yet I think
I shou'd not murmur, were thy lot to prosper,
And mine to be refus'd. Though sure, the loss
Wou'd wound me to the heart.

Pem. Ha! Couldst thou bear it?
And yet perhaps thou mightst; thy gentle temper
Is form'd with passions mix'd with due proportion,
Where no one overbears nor plays the tyrant,
" But join in nature's business, and thy happiness:"
While mine disdaining reason and her laws,
Like all thou canst imagine wild and furious,
Now drive me headlong on, now whirl me back,
And hurl my unstable flitting soul
To ev'ry mad extreme. Then pity me,
And let my weakness stand———

Enter Sir JOHN GATES.

Sir *J. G.* The lords of council
Wait with impatience.———

Pem. I attend their pleasure.
This only, and no more then. Whatsoever
Fortune decrees, still let us call to mind
Our friendship and our honour. And since love
Condemns us to be rivals for one prize,

Let us contend, as friends and brave men ought,
With openness and justice to each other;
That he who wins the fair-one to his arms,
May take her as the crown of great desert,
And if the wretched loser does repine,
His own heart and the world may all condemn him.

[*Exit* Pem.

Guil. How cross the ways of life lie! While we think
We travel on direct in one high road,
And have our journey's end oppos'd in view,
A thousand thwarting paths break in upon us,
To puzzle and perplex our wand'ring steps;
Love, friendship, hatred, in their turns mislead us,
And ev'ry passion has its separate interest:
Where is that piercing foresight can unfold
Where all this mazy error will have end,
And tell the doom reserv'd for me and Pembroke?
" There is but one end certain, that is——Death:
" Yet ev'n that certainty is still uncertain.
" For of these several tracks which lie before us,
" We know that one leads certainly to death,
" But know not which that one is." 'Tis in vain,
This blind divining; let me think no more on't:
And see the mistress of our fate appear!

Enter Lady JANE GRAY. *Attendants.*

Hail, princely maid! who with auspicious beauty
Chear'st ev'ry drooping heart in this sad place;
Who, like the silver regent of the night,

Lift'st up thy sacred beams upon the land,
To bid the gloom look gay, dispel our horrors,
And make us less lament the setting sun.

L. *J. Gray.* Yes, Guilford; well dost thou compare my presence
To the faint comfort of the waining moon:
Like her cold orb, a cheerless gleam I bring:
" Silence and heaviness of heart, with dews
" To dress the face of nature all in tears."
But say, how fares the king?

Guil. He lives as yet,
But ev'ry moment cuts away a hope,
Adds to our fears, and gives the infant saint
Great prospect of his op'ning heaven.

L. *J. Gray.* " Descend ye choirs of angels to receive him,
" Tune your melodious harps to some high strain,
" And waft him upwards with a song of triumph;
" A purer soul, and one more like yourselves,
" Ne'er enter'd at the golden gates of bliss."
Oh, Guilford! What remains for wretched England,
When he, our guardian angel, shall forsake us?
" For whose dear sake Heav'n spar'd a guilty land,
" And scatter'd not its plagues while Edward reign'd.

Guil. I own my heart bleeds inward at the thought,
" And rising horrors crowd the op'ning scene."
And yet, forgive me, thou, my native country,
Thou land of liberty, thou nurse of heroes,
Forgive me, if, in spite of all thy dangers,
New springs of pleasure flow within my bosom,

When thus 'tis giv'n me to behold those eyes,
Thus gaze and wonder, " how excelling nature
" Can give each day new patterns of her skill,
" And yet at once surpass 'em."

L. *J. Gray.* Oh, vain flattery!
" Harsh and ill-sounding ever to my ear;
" But on a day like this, the raven's note
" Strikes on my sense more sweetly." But, no more,
" I charge thee touch the ungrateful theme no more;"
Lead me, to pay my duty to the king,
To wet his pale cold hand with these last tears,
And share the blessings of his parting breath.

Guil. Were I like dying Edward, sure a touch
Of this dear hand would kindle life anew.
But I obey, I dread that gath'ring frown;
And, oh, whene'er my bosom swells with passion,
And my full heart is pain'd with ardent love,
Allow me but to look on you, and sigh;
'Tis all the humble joy that Guilford asks.

L. *J. Gray.* Still wilt thou frame thy speech to this vain purpose,
" When the wan king of terrors stalks before us,"
When universal ruin gathers round,
And no escape is left us? Are we not
Like wretches in a storm, whom ev'ry moment
The greedy deep is gaping to devour?
" Around us see the pale despairing crew

" Wring their sad hands, and give their labour o'er;"
The hope of life has ev'ry heart forsook,
And horror sits on each distracted look;
" One solemn thought of death does all employ,
" And cancels, like a dream, delight and joy;
" One sorrow streams from all their weeping eyes,
" And one consenting voice for mercy cries;"
Trembling, they dread just Heav'n's avenging power,
Mourn their past lives, and wait the fatal hour.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, *and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

Northumberland.

YET then be cheer'd my heart, amidst thy mourning,
" Though fate hang heavy o'er us, tho' pale fear
" And wild distraction sit on ev'ry face;"
Though never day of grief was known like this,
Let me rejoice, and bless the hallow'd light,
Whose beams auspicious shine upon our union,
And bid me call the noble Suffolk brother.

Suff. I know not what my secret soul presages,
But something seems to whisper me within,
That we have been too hasty. " For myself,
" I wish this matter had been yet delay'd;

" That we had waited some more blessed time,
" Some better day with happier omens hallow'd,
" For love to kindle up his holy flame.
" But you, my noble brother, wou'd prevail,
" And I have yielded to you."

North. Doubt not any thing;
Nor hold the hour unlucky, that good heav'n,
" Who softens the corrections of his hand,
" And mixes still a comfort with afflictions,"
Has giv'n to-day a blessing in our children,
To wipe away our tears for dying Edward.

Suff. In that I trust. Good angels be our guard,
And make my fears prove vain. But see! My wife!
With her, your son, the gen'rous Guilford comes;
She has inform'd him of our present purpose.

Enter the Duchess of SUFFOLK, *and Lord* GUILFORD.

L. *Guil.* How shall I speak the fulness of my heart?
What shall I say to bless you for this goodness?
Oh, gracious princess! But my life is yours,
And all the business of my years to come,
Is, to attend with humblest duty on you,
And pay my vow'd obedience at your feet.

Duch. *Suff.* Yes, noble youth, I share in all thy joys,
" In all the joys which this sad day can give.
" The dear delight I have to call thee son,
" Comes like a cordial to my drooping spirits;
" It broods with gentle warmth upon my bosom,

" And melts that frost of death which hung about
me."

But haste! Inform my daughter of our pleasure:
" Let thy tongue put on all its pleasing eloquence.
" Instruct thy love to speak of comfort to her,
" To sooth her griefs, and cheer the mourning
maid."

North. All desolate and drown'd in flowing tears,
By Edward's bed the pious princess sits;
" Fast from her lifted eyes the pearly drops
" Fall trickling o'er her cheek, while holy ardour
" And fervent zeal pour forth her lab'ring soul;"
And ev'ry sigh is wing'd with pray'rs so potent,
As strive with Heav'n to save her dying lord.

Duch. *Suff.* From the first early days of infant life,
A gentle band of friendship grew betwixt 'em;
And while our royal uncle Henry reign'd,
As brother and as sister bred together,
Beneath one common parent's care they liv'd.

North. A wondrous sympathy of souls conspir'd
To form the sacred union. " Lady Jane
" Of all his royal blood was still the dearest;
" In ev'ry innocent delight they shar'd,
" They sung, and danc'd, and sat, and walk'd toge-
ther;
" Nay, in the graver business of his youth,
" When books and learning call'd him from his
sports,
" Ev'n there the princely maid was his companion.
" She left the shining court to share his toil,

" To turn with him the grave historian's page,
" And taste the rapture of the poet's song;
" To search the Latin and the Grecian stores,
" And wonder at the mighty minds of old."

Enter Lady JANE GRAY, *weeping.*

L. *J. Gray.* Wo't thou not break, my heart!——
Suff. Alas! What mean'st thou?
Guil. Oh! speak!
Duch. *Suff.* How fares the king?
North. Say, Is he dead?
L. *J. Gray.* The saints and angels have him.
Duch. *Suff.* When I left him,
He seem'd a little cheer'd, " just as you enter'd——"
L. *J. Gray.* As I approach'd to kneel and pay my duty,
He rais'd his feeble eyes, and faintly smiling,
Are you then come? he cry'd: I only liv'd,
To bid farewell to thee, my gentle cousin;
" To speak a few short words to thee, and die."
With that he prest my hand, and, oh!—he said,
When I am gone, do thou be good to England,
Keep to that faith in which we both were bred,
And to the end be constant. More I wou'd,
But cannot——There his falt'ring spirits fail'd,
" And turning ev'ry thought from earth at once,
" To that best place where all his hopes were fix'd,
" Earnest he pray'd;——Merciful, great defender!
" Preserve thy holy altars undefil'd,
" Protect this land from bloody men and idols,

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" And taste the rapture of the poet's song;
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Suff. Alas! What means't thou?
Guil. Oh! speak!
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He rais'd his feeble eyes, and faintly smiling
Are you then come? he cry'd: I only liv'd,
To bid farewell to thee, my gentle cousin;
" To speak a few short words to thee, and die;"
With that he prest my hand, and, oh!—he said,
When I am gone, do thou be good to England,
Keep to that faith in which we both were bred,
And to the end be constant. More I would,
But cannot——There his fail'ring spirits fail'd,
" And turning ev'ry thought from earth at once,
" To that best place where all his hopes were laid,
" Earnest he pray'd;——Merciful, great Protector!
" Preserve thy holy altars undefil'd,
" Protect this land from bloody men and idols,

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" Save my poor people from the yoke of Rome,
" And take thy painful servant to thy mercy."
Then sinking on his pillow, with a sigh,
He breath'd his innocent and faithful soul
Into his hands who gave it.
" *Guil.* Crowns of glory,
" Such as the brightest angels wear, be on him :
" Peace guard his ashes here, and paradise
" With all its endless bliss be open to him."
North. Our grief be on his grave. Our present duty
Enjoins to see his last commands obey'd.
I hold it fit his death be not made known
To any but our friends. To-morrow early
The council shall assemble at the Tower.
Mean while, I beg your grace wou'd strait inform
[*To the duchess of* Suffolk.
Your princely daughter of our resolution ;
Our common interest in that happy tie,
Demands our swiftest care to see it finish'd.
Duch. *Suff.* My lord, you have determined well.
Lord Guilford,
Be it your task to speak at large our purpose.
Daughter, receive this lord as one whom I,
Your father, and his own, ordain your husband :
What more concerns our will and your obedience,
We leave you to receive from him at leisure.
[*Exeunt Duke and Duchess of* Suffolk, *and duke of* Northumberland.

Guil. Wo't thou not spare a moment from thy sorrows.

" And bid these bubbling streams forbear to flow?
" Wo't thou not give one interval to joy;"
One little pause, while humbly I unfold
The happiest tale my tongue was ever blest with?

L. *J. Gray.* My heart is dead within me, ev'ry sense
Is dead to joy; but I will hear thee, Guilford,
" Nay, I must hear thee, such is her command,
" Whom early duty taught me still t'obey."
Yet, oh! forgive me, if to all the story,
Though eloquence divine attend thy speaking,
" Though ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace do crown thee;"
Forgive me, if I cannot better answer,
Than weeping——thus, and thus——

Guil. If I offend thee,
Let me be dumb for ever: " Let not life
" Inform these breathing organs of my voice,
" If any sound from me disturb thy quiet.
" What is my peace or happiness to thine?"
No; tho' our noble parents had decreed,
And urg'd high reasons which import the state,
This night to give thee to my faithful arms,
My fairest bride, my only earthly bliss.——

L. *J. Gray.* How! Guilford! on this night?

Guil. This happy night:
Yet if thou art resolv'd to cross my fate,
If this my utmost wish shall give thee pain,

Now rather let the stroke of death fall on me,
And stretch me out a lifeless corpse before thee:
" Let me be swept away with things forgotten,
" Be huddled up in some obscure blind grave,
" Ere thou shouldst say my love has made thee wretched,
" Or drop one single tear for Guilford's sake."

L. *J. Gray.* Alas! I have too much of death already,
And want not thine to furnish out new horror.
" Oh! dreadful thought, if thou wert dead indeed,
" What hope were left me then? Yes, I will own,
" Spite of the blush that burns my maiden cheek,
" My heart has fondly lean'd towards thee long:
" Thy sweetness, virtue, and unblemish'd youth,
" Have won a place for thee within my bosom:
" And if my eyes look coldly on thee now,
" And shun thy love on this disastrous day,
" It is because I would not deal so hardly,
" To give thee sighs for all thy faithful vows,
" And pay thy tenderness with nought but tears.
" And yet 'tis all I have.
" *Guil.* I ask no more;"
Let me but call thee mine, confirm that hope,
To charm the doubts which vex my anxious soul;
For all the rest, do thou allot it for me,
And at thy pleasure portion out my blessings.
" My eyes shall learn to smile or weep from thine,
" Nor will I think of joy while thou art sad.
" Nay, couldst thou be so cruel to command it,

" I will forego a bridegroom's sacred right,
" And sleep far from thee, on th' unwholesome earth,
" Where damps arise, and whistling winds blow loud,
" Then when the day returns, come drooping to thee,
" My locks still drizzling with the dews of night,
" And cheer my heart with thee as with the morning.
" L. *J. Gray.* Say, wo't thou consecrate this night to sorrow,
" And give up every sense to solemn sadness?
" Wo't thou, in watching, waste the tedious hours,
" Sit silently and careful by my side,
" List to the tolling clocks, the cricket's cry,
" And ev'ry melancholy midnight noise?
" Say, wo't thou banish pleasure and delight?
" Wo't thou forget that ever we have lov'd,
" And only now and then let fall a tear,
" To mourn for Edward's loss, and England's fate?
" *Guil.* Unweary'd still, I will attend thy woes,
" And be a very faithful partner to thee.
" Near thee I will complain in sighs as numberless
" As murmurs breathing in the leafy grove:
" My eyes shall mix their falling drops with thine,
" Constant, as never-ceasing waters roll,
" That purl and gurgle o'er their sands for ever.
" The sun shall see my grief, thro' all his course;
" And when night comes, sad Philomel, who 'plains
" From starry vesper to the rosy dawn,

" Shall cease to tune her lamentable song,
" Ere I give o'er to weep and mourn with thee.
" L. *J. G.* Here then I take thee to my heart for ever. [*Giving her hand.*
" The dear companion of my future days:
" Whatever Providence allots for each,
" Be that the common portion of us both;
" Share all the griefs of thy unhappy Jane;
" But if good Heav'n has any joys in store,
" Let them be all thy own.
" *Guil.* Thou wondrous goodness!
" Heav'n gives too much at once in giving thee,
" And by the common course of things below,
" Where each delight is temper'd with affliction,
" Some evil terrible and unforeseen,
" Must sure ensue and poise the scale against
" This vast profusion of exceeding pleasure.
" But be it so, let it be death and ruin,
" On any terms I take thee.
" L. *J. G.* Trust our fate
" To him whose gracious wisdom guides our ways,
" And makes what we think evil turn to good."
Permit me now to leave thee and retire;
I'll summon all my reason and my duty,
To sooth this storm within, and frame my heart
To yield obedience to my noble parents.
Guil. Good angels minister their comforts to thee.
And, oh! " if, as my fond belief wou'd hope,
" If any word of mine be gracious to thee,"
I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away

Those murd'rous thoughts of grief that kill thy quiet.
Restore thy gentle bosom's native peace,
Lift up the light of gladness in thy eyes,
And cheer thy heaviness with one dear smile.

L. J. G. Yes, Guilford, I will study to forget
All that the royal Edward has been to me,
" How we have lov'd, even from our very cradles."
My private loss no longer will I mourn,
But ev'ry tender thought to thee shall turn:
With patience I'll submit to Heav'n's decree,
And what I lost in Edward find in thee.
But, oh! when I revolve what ruins wait
Our sinking altars and the falling state:
" When I consider what my native land
" Expected from her pious sov'reign's hand;
" How form'd he was to save her from distress,
" A king to govern and a saint to bless:"
New sorrow to my lab'ring breast succeeds,
And my whole heart for wretched England bleeds.

[*Exit Lady* Jane Gray.

Guil. My heart sinks in me, at her soft complaining;
And ev'ry moving accent that she breathes
Resolves my courage, slackens my tough nerves,
And melts me down to infancy and tears.
" My fancy palls, and takes distaste at pleasure:
" My soul grows out of tune, it loaths the world,
" Sickens at all the noise and folly of it;
" And I cou'd set me down in some dull shade,
" Where lonely Contemplation keeps her cave,

" And dwells with hoary hermits; there forget myself,
" There fix my stupid eyes upon the earth,
" And muse away an age in deepest melancholy."

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. Edward is dead; so said the great Northumberland,
As now he shot along by me in haste.
He press'd my hand, and in a whisper begg'd me
To guard the secret carefully as life,
Till some few hours should pass; for much hung on it.
Much may indeed hang on it. See my Guilford!
My friend! [*Speaking to him.*

Guil. Ha! Pembroke! [*Starting.*

Pem. Wherefore dost thou start?
Why sits that wild disorder on thy visage,
Somewhat that looks like passions strange to thee,
The paleness of surprise and ghastly fear?
Since I have known thee first, and call'd thee friend,
I never saw thee so unlike thyself,
So chang'd upon a sudden.

Guil. How! so changed!

Pem. So to my eye thou seem'st.

Guil. The king is dead.

Pem. I learn'd it from thy father,
Just as I enter'd here. But say, cou'd that,
A fate which ev'ry moment we expected,
Distract thy thought, or shock thy temper thus?

Guil. Oh, Pembroke! 'tis in vain to hide from thee!
For thou hast look'd into my artless bosom,
And seen at once the hurry of my soul.
'Tis true thy coming struck me with surprise.
I have a thought———But wherefore said I one?
I have a thousand thoughts all up in arms,
" Like pop'lous towns disturb'd at dead of night,
" That, mix'd in darkness, bustle to and fro,
" As if their business were to make confusion."

Pem. Then sure our better angels call'd me hither;
For this is friendship's hour, and friendship's office,
To come, when counsel and when help is wanting,
To share the pain of every gnawing care,
To speak of comfort in the time of trouble,
To reach a hand and save thee from adversity.

Guil. And wo't thou be a friend to me indeed?
And, while I lay my bosom bare before thee,
" Wo't thou deal tenderly, and let thy hand
" Pass gently over ev'ry painful part?"
Wo't thou with patience hear, and judge with temper?
And if perchance thou meet with something harsh,
Somewhat to rouse thy rage, and grate thy soul,
Wo't thou be master of thyself and bear it?

Pem. Away with all this needless preparation!
Thou know'st thou art so dear, so sacred to me,
That I can never think thee an offender.
If it were so, that I indeed must judge thee,

I should take part with thee against myself,
" And call thy fault a virtue."
Guil. But suppose
The thought were somewhat that concern'd our love.
Pem. No more; thou know'st we spoke of that to-day,
And on what terms we left it. 'Tis a subject,
Of which, if possible, I would not think;
I beg that we may mention it no more.
Guil. Can we not speak of it with temper?
Pem. No.
Thou know'st I cannot. Therefore, pr'ythee spare it.
Guil. Oh! cou'd the secret I wou'd tell thee sleep,
And the world never know it, my fond tongue
Shou'd cease from speaking, ere I would unfold it,
Or vex thy peace with an officious tale.
But since, howe'er ungrateful to thy ear,
It must be told thee once, hear it from me.
Pem. Speak then, and ease the doubts that shock my soul.
Guil. Suppose thy Guilford's better stars prevail,
And crown his love————
Pem. Say not, suppose: 'tis done.
Seek not for vain excuse, or soft'ning words;
Thou hast prevaricated with thy friend,
By under-hand contrivances undone me:
And while my open nature trusted in thee,
Thou hast stepp'd in between me and my hopes,
And ravish'd from me all my soul held dear.
Thou hast betray'd me————

Guil. How! betray'd thee, Pembroke?
Pem. Yes, falsely, like a traitor.
Guil. Have a care.
Pem. But think not I will bear the foul play from thee;
There was but this which I could ne'er forgive.
My soul is up in arms, my injur'd honour,
Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge;
And tho' I love thee——fondly——
Guil. Hear me yet,
And Pembroke shall acquit me to himself.
Hear, while I tell how fortune dealt between us,
And gave the yielding beauty to my arms——
Pem. What, hear it! Stand and listen to thy triumph!
Thou think'st me tame indeed. No, hold, I charge thee,
Lest I forget that ever we were friends,
Lest, in the rage of disappointed love,
I rush at once and tear thee for thy falsehood.
Guil. Thou warn'st me well; and I were rash, as thou art,
To trust the secret sum of all my happiness
With one not master of himself. Farewell. [*Going.*
Pem. Ha! art thou going? Think not thus to part,
Nor leave me on the rack of this incertainty.
Guil. What wouldst thou further?
Pem. Tell it to me all;
Say thou art marry'd, say thou hast possess'd her,
And rioted in vast excess of bliss;

That I may curse myself, and thee, and her.
Come, tell me how thou didst supplant thy friend?
How didst thou look with that betraying face,
And smiling plot my ruin?

Guil. Give me way.
When thou art better temper'd, I may tell thee,
And vindicate at full my love and friendship.

Pem. And dost thou hope to shun me then, thou traitor;
No, I will have it now, this moment from thee,
" Or drag the secret out from thy false heart.
" *Guil.* Away, thou madman! I would talk to winds,
" And reason with the rude tempestous surge,
" Sooner than hold discourse with rage like thine.
" *Pem.* Tell it, or by my injur'd love I swear,"
[*Laying his Hand upon his Sword.*
I'll stab the lurking treason in thy heart.

Guil. Ha! stay thee there; nor let thy frantic hand
[*Stopping him.*
Unsheath thy weapon. If the sword be drawn,
If once we meet on terms like those, farewell
To ev'ry thought of friendship; one must fall.

Pem. Curse on thy friendship, I would break the band.

Guil. That as you please—Beside, this place is sacred,
And wo'not be profan'd with brawls and outrage.
You know I dare be found on any summons.

Pem. 'Tis well. My vengeance shall not loiter long.

Henceforward let the thoughts of our past lives
Be turn'd to deadly and remorseless hate.
Here I give up the empty name of friend,
Renounce all gentleness, all commerce with thee,
To death defy thee as my mortal foe;
And when we meet again, may swift destruction
Rid me of thee, or rid me of myself. [*Exit* Pembroke.

Guil. The fate I ever fear'd is fall'n upon me;
And long ago my boding heart divin'd
A breach like this from his ungovern'd rage.
Oh, Pembroke! thou hast done me much injustice,
For I have borne thee true unfeign'd affection;
'Tis past, and thou art lost to me for ever.
" Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss;
" Since ev'ry other joy, how dear soever,
" Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.
" At the imperious tyrant's lordly call,
" In spite of reason or restraint we come,
" Leave kindred, parents, and our native home.
" The trembling maid, with all her fears he charms,
" And pulls her from her weeping mother's arms:
" He laughs at all her leagues, and in proud scorn
" Commands the bands of friendship to be torn;
" Disdains a partner should partake his throne,
" But reigns unbounded, lawless, and alone." [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Tower. *Enter* PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.

Gardiner.

NAY, by the rood, my lord, you were to blame,
To let a hair-brain'd passion be your guide,
And hurry you into such mad extremes.
Marry, you might have made much worthy profit,
By patient hearing; the unthinking lord
Had brought forth ev'ry secret of his soul;
Then when you were the master of his bosom,
That was the time to use him with contempt,
And turn his friendship back upon his hands.

Pem. Thou talk'st as if a madman cou'd be wise.
Oh, Winchester! thy hoary frozen age
Can never guess my pain; can never know
The burning transports of untam'd desire.
" I tell thee, reverend lord, to that one bliss,
" To the enjoyment of that lovely maid,
" As to their centre, I had drawn each hope,
" And ev'ry wish my furious soul cou'd form;
" Still with regard to that my brain forethought,
" And fashion'd ev'ry action of my life.
" Then, to be robb'd at once, and unsuspecting,
" Be dash'd in all the height of expectation!
" It was not to be borne."

Gar. Have you not heard of what has happen'd since?

Pem. I have not had a minute's peace of mind,
A moment's pause, to rest from rage, or think.
Gar. Learn it from me then: But ere I speak,
I warn you to be master of yourself.
Though, as you know, they have confin'd me long,
Gra'mercy to their goodness, pris'nor here;
Yet as I am allow'd to walk at large
Within the Tower, and hold free speech with any,
I have not dreamt away my thoughtless hours,
" Without good heed to these our righteous rulers."
To prove this true, this morn a trusty spy
Has brought me word, that yester ev'ning late,
In spite of all the grief for Edward's death,
Your friends were marry'd.
Pem. Marry'd! who?——Damnation!
Gar. Lord Guilford Dudley, and the lady Jane.
Pem. Curse on my stars!
Gar. Nay, in the name of Grace,
Restrain this sinful passion; all's not lost
In this one single woman.
Pem. I have lost
More than the female world can give me back.
I had beheld even her whole sex, unmov'd,
Look'd o'er 'em like a bed of gaudy flowers,
That lift their painted heads, and live a day,
Then shed their trifling glories unregarded:
My heart disdain'd their beauties, till she came,
With ev'ry grace that Nature's hand could give,
And with a mind so great, it spoke its essence
Immortal and divine.

Gar. She was a wonder;
Detraction must allow that.

Pem. "The virtuous came,
"Sorted in gentle fellowship, to crown her,
"As if they meant to mend each other's work.
"Candour with goodness, fortitude with sweetness,
"Strict piety, and love of truth, with learning,
"More than the schools of Athens ever knew,
"Or her own Plato taught. A wonder, Winchester!"
Thou know'st not what she was, nor can I speak her,
More than to say, she was that only blessing
My soul was set upon, and I have lost her.

Gar. Your state is not so bad as you wou'd make it;
Nor need you thus abandon ev'ry hope.

Pem. Ha! Wo't thou save me, snatch me from despair,
And bid me live again.

Gar. She may be yours.
Suppose her husband die.

Pem. O vain, vain hope!

Gar. Marry, I do not hold that hope so vain.
These gospellers have had their golden days,
And lorded it at will; with proud despite
Have trodden down our holy Roman faith,
Ransack'd our shrines, and driv'n her saints to exile.
But if my divination fail me not,
Their haughty hearts shall be abas'd e'er long,
And feel the vengeance of our Mary's reign.

Pem. And wou'dst thou have my fierce impatience stay?
Bid me lie bound upon a rack, and wait
For distant joys, whole ages yet behind?
Can love attend on politician's schemes,
Expect the slow events of cautious counsels,
Cold unresolving heads, and creeping time?

Gar. To-day, or I am ill-inform'd, Northumberland,
With easy Suffolk, Guilford, and the rest,
Meet here in council on some deep design,
Some traiterous contrivance, to protect
Their upstart faith from near approaching ruin.
But there are punishments——halters and axes
For traitors, and consuming flames for hereticks;
The happy bridegroom may be yet cut short,
Ev'n in his highest hope——But go not you;
Howe'er the fawning sire, old Dudley, court you;
No, by the holy rood, I charge you, mix not
With their pernicious counsels.——Mischief waits 'em,
Sure, certain, unavoidable destruction.

Pem. Ha! join with them! the cursed Dudley's race!
Who, while they held me in their arms, betray'd me;
Scorn'd me for not suspecting they were villains,
And made a mock'ry of my easy friendship.
No, when I do, dishonour be my portion,
" And swift perdition catch me;—join with them!"

Gar. I wou'd not have you—Hie you to the city,
And join with those that love our ancient faith.

Gather your friends about you, and be ready
T' assert our zealous Mary's royal title,
And doubt not but her grateful hand shall give you
To see your soul's desire upon your enemies.
The church shall pour her ample treasures forth too,
And pay you with ten thousand years of pardon.

Pem. No; keep your blessings back, and give me vengeance:
Give me to tell that soft deceiver, Guilford,
Thus, traitor, hast thou done, thus hast thou wrong'd me,
And thus thy treason finds a just reward.

Gar. But soft! no more! the lords o'the council come,
Ha! by the mass, the bride and bridegroom too!
Retire with me, my lord; we must not meet 'em.

Pem. 'Tis they themselves, the cursed happy pair!
Haste, Winchester, haste! let us fly for ever,
And drive her from my very thoughts, if possible.
" Oh! love, what have I lost! Oh! reverend lord!
" Pity this fond, this foolish weakness in me!
" Methinks, I go like our first wretched father,
" When from his blissful garden he was driven:
" Like me he went despairing, and like me,
" Thus at the gate stopt short for one last view!
" Then with the cheerless partner of his woe,
" He turn'd him to the world that lay below:
" There, for his Eden's happy plains, beheld
" A barren, wild, uncomfortable field;
" He saw 'twas vain his ruin to deplore,

" He try'd to give the sad remembrance o'er;
" The sad remembrance still return'd again,
" And his lost paradise renew'd his pain."

[*Exeunt* Pembroke *and* Gardiner.

Enter Lord GUILFORD *and Lady* JANE.

Guil. What shall I say to thee! What power divine
Will teach my tongue to tell thee what I feel?
To pour the transports of my bosom forth,
And make thee partner of the joy dwells there?
" For thou art comfortless, full of affliction,
" Heavy of heart as the forsaken widow;
" And desolate as orphans." Oh! my fair one!
Thy Edward shines amongst the brightest stars,
And yet thy sorrows seek him in the grave.

L. *J. G.* Alas, my dearest lord! a thousand griefs
Beset my anxious heart: and yet, as if
The burthen were too little, I have added
The weight of all thy cares; and, like the miser,
Increase of wealth has made me but more wretched.
" The morning light seems not to rise as usual,
" It draws not to me, like my virgin days,
" But brings new thoughts and other fears upon me;"
I tremble, and my anxious heart is pain'd,
Lest aught but good shou'd happen to my Guilford.

Guil. Nothing but good can happen to thy Guilford,
While thou art by his side, his better angel,
His blessing and his guard.

L. *J. G.* Why came we hither?
" Why was I drawn to this unlucky place,

" This Tower, so often stain'd with royal blood?
" Here the fourth Edward's helpless sons were mur-
der'd,
" And pious Henry fell by ruthless Gloster:
" Is this the place allotted for rejoicing?
" The bower adorn'd to keep our nuptial feast in?
" Methinks suspicion and distrust dwell here,
" Staring with meagre forms thro' grated windows;
" Death lurks within, and unrelenting punishment:
" Without, grim danger, fear, and fiercest power
" Sit on the rude old tow'rs, and Gothic battlements;
" While horror overlooks the dreadful wall,
" And frowns on all around.

Guil. " In safety here,
" The lords o' th' council have this morn decreed
" To meet, and with united care support
" The feeble tottering state." To thee, my princess,
Whose royal veins are rich in Henry's blood,
With one consent the noblest heads are bow'd:
From thee they ask a sanction to their counsels,
And from thy healing hand expect a cure,
For England's loss in Edward.

L. *J. G.* How! from me!
Alas! my lord—But sure thou mean'st to mock me?

Guil. No; by the love my faithful heart is full of!
But see, thy mother, gracious Suffolk, comes
To intercept my story: she shall tell thee;
For in her look I read the lab'ring thought,
What vast event thy fate is now disclosing.

Enter the Duchess of SUFFOLK.

D. *Suff.* No more complain, indulge thy tears no more,
Thy pious grief has giv'n the grave its due:
" Let thy heart kindle with the highest hopes;
" Expand thy bosom, let thy soul enlarg'd,"
Make room to entertain the coming glory!
For majesty and purple greatness court thee;
Homage and low subjection wait: a crown,
That makes the princes of the earth like gods;"
A crown, my daughter, England's crown attends,
To bind thy brows with its imperial wreath.

L. *J. G.* Amazement chills my veins! What says my mother?

D. *Suff.* 'Tis Heav'n's decree; for our expiring Edward,
When now, just struggling to his native skies,
Ev'n on the verge of heav'n, in sight of angels,
That hover'd round to waft him to the stars,
Ev'n then declar'd my Jane for his successor.

L. *J. G.* Cou'd Edward do this? cou'd the dying saint
Bequeath his crown to me? Oh, fatal bounty!
To me! But 'tis impossible! " We dream.
" A thousand and a thousand bars oppose me,
" Rise in my way, and intercept my passage.
" Ev'n you, my gracious mother, what must you be,
" Ere I can be a queen?

D. *Suff.* " That, and that only,

" Thy mother; fonder of that tender name,
" Than all the proud additions pow'r can give.
" Yes, I will give up all my share of greatness,
" And live in low obscurity for ever,
" To see thee rais'd, thou darling of my heart,
" And fix'd upon a throne." But see: thy father,
Northumberland, with all the council, come
To pay their vow'd allegiance at thy feet,
To kneel, and call thee queen.

L. J. G. Support me, Guilford;
Give me thy aid; stay thou my fainting soul,
And help me to repress this growing danger.

Enter SUFFOLK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lords, and others of the Privy Council.*

North. Hail, sacred princess! sprung from ancient kings,
Our England's dearest hope, undoubted offspring
Of York and Lancaster's united line;
" By whose bright zeal, by whose victorious faith,
" Guarded and fenc'd around our pure religion.
" That lamp of truth which shines upon our altars,
" Shall lift its golden head, and flourish long;
" Beneath whose awful rule, and righteous sceptre,
" The plenteous years shall roll in long succession;
" Law shall prevail, and ancient right take place,
" Fair liberty shall lift her cheerful head,
" Fearless of tyranny and proud oppression;
" No sad complaining in our streets shall cry,
" But justice shall be exercised in mercy."

Hail, royal Jane! behold, we bend our knees,
[*They kneel.*
The pledge of homage, and thy land's obedience;
With humblest duty thus we kneel, and own thee
Our liege, our sovereign lady, and our queen.

L. *J. G.* Oh, rise!
My father, rise! [*To* Suff.
And you, my father, too! [*To* North.
Rise all, nor cover me with this confusion. [*They rise.*
What means this mock, this masquing shew of greatness?
Why do you hang these pageant glories on me,
And dress me up in honours not my own?

North. The daughters of our late great master Henry,
Stand both by law excluded from succession.
To make all firm,
And fix a power unquestion'd in your hand,
Edward, by will, bequeath'd his crown to you:
And the concurring lords in council met,
Have ratify'd the gift.

L. *J. G.* Are crowns and empire,
" The government and safety of mankind,"
Trifles of such light moment, to be left
Like some rich toy, " a ring, or fancy'd gem,"
The pledge of parting friends? Can kings do thus,
And give away a people for a legacy?

North. Forgive me, princely lady, if my wonder
Seizes each sense, each faculty of mind,
To see the utmost wish the great can form,

A crown, thus coldly met: A crown, which slighted,
And left in scorn by you, shall soon be sought,
And find a joyful wearer; one, perhaps,
Of blood, unkindred to your royal house,
And fix its glories in another line.

L. *J. G.* Where art thou now, thou partner of my cares? [*Turning to* Guilford.

" Come to my aid, and help to bear this burthen:
" Oh! save me from this sorrow, this misfortune,
" Which in the shape of gorgeous greatness comes
" To crown, and make a wretch of me for ever.

Guil. " Thou weep'st, my queen, and hang'st thy drooping head,
" Like nodding poppies, heavy with the rain,
" That bow their weary necks and bend to earth."
See, by thy side, thy faithful Guilford stands,
Prepar'd to keep distress and danger from thee,
To wear thy sacred cause upon his sword,
And war against the world in thy defence.

North. Oh! " stay this inauspicious stream of tears,
" And cheer your people with one gracious smile.
" Nor comes your fate in such a dreadful form
" To bid you shun it. Turn those sacred eyes
" On the bright prospect empire spreads before you."
Methinks I see you seated on the throne;
" Beneath your feet, the kingdom's great degrees
" In bright confusion shine, mitres and coronets,
" The various ermine, and the glowing purple;"
Assembled senates wait with awful dread,
To 'firm your high commands, and make 'em fate.

L. *J. G.* You turn to view the painted side of royalty,
And cover all the cares that lurk beneath.
Is it, to be a queen, to sit aloft,
In solemn, dull, uncomfortable state,
The flatter'd idol of a servile court?
Is it to draw a pompous train along,
A pageant, for the wondring crowd to gaze at?
" Is it, in wantonness of pow'r to reign,
" And make the world subservient to my pleasure.
" Is it not rather, to be greatly wretched,
" To watch, to toil, to take a sacred charge,
" To bend each day before high Heav'n, and own,
" This people hast thou trusted to my hand,
" And at my hand, I know, thou shalt require 'em?"
Alas, Northumberland!—My father!—Is it not
To live a life of care, and when I die,
Have more to answer for before my judge,
Than any of my subjects?

" D. *Suff.* Ev'ry state,
" Allotted to the race of man below,
" Is, in proportion, doom'd to taste some sorrow,
" Nor is the golden wreath on a king's brow
" Exempt from care; and yet, who would not bear it?
" Think on the monarchs of our royal race,
" They liv'd not for themselves: how many blessings,
" How many lifted hands shall pay thy toil,
" If for thy people's good thou happ'ly borrow
" Some portion from the hours of rest, and wake
" To give the world repose!"

Suff. Behold, we stand upon the brink of ruin,
And only thou canst save us. Persecution,
That fiend of Rome and hell, prepares her tortures;
See where she comes in Mary's priestly train!
Still wo't thou doubt? till thou behold her stalk,
Red with the blood of martyrs, and wide wasting
O'er England's bosom? "All the mourning year
" Our towns shall glow with unextinguish'd fires;
" Our youth on racks shall stretch their crackling
bones;
" Our babes shall sprawl on consecrated spears;
" Matrons and husbands, with their new-born infants,
" Shall burn promiscuous; a continu'd peal
" Of lamentations, groans, and shrieks, shall sound,
" Through all our purple ways."

Guil. Amidst that ruin,
Think thou behold'st thy Guilford's head laid low,
Bloody and pale———

L. *J. G.* Oh! spare the dreadful image!

Guil. Oh! wou'd the misery be bounded there,
My life were little; but the rage of Rome
Demands whole hecatombs, a land of victims.
" With superstition comes that other fiend,
" That bane of peace, of arts and virtue, tyranny;
" That foe of justice, scorner of all law;
" That beast, which thinks mankind were born for
one,
" And made by Heav'n to be a monster's prey;
" That heaviest curse of groaning nation's tyranny."
Mary shall, by her kindred Spain, be taught

To bend our necks beneath a brazen yoke,
And rule o'er wretches with an iron sceptre.

L. J. G. Avert that judgment, Heav'n!
Whate'er thy providence allots for me,
In mercy spare my country.

Guil. Oh, my queen!
Does not thy great, thy generous heart relent,
To think this land, for liberty so fam'd,
Shall have her tow'ry front at once laid low,
And robb'd of all its glory? " Oh! my country!
" Oh! fairest Albion, empress of the deep,
" How have thy noblest sons, with stubborn valour,
" Stood to the last, dy'd many a field in blood,
" In dear defence of birth-right and their laws!
" And shall those hands which fought the cause of freedom,
" Be manacled in base unworthy bonds:
" Be tamely yielded up, the spoil, the slaves
" Of hair-brain'd zeal, and cruel coward priests?"

L. J. G. Yes, my lov'd lord, my soul is mov'd like thine,
At ev'ry danger which invades our England;
My cold heart kindles at the great occasion,
And could be more than man in her defence.
But where is my commission to redress?
Or whence my pow'r to save? Can Edward's will,
Or twenty met in council, make a queen?
Can you, my lords, give me the power to canvass
A doubtful title with king Henry's daughters?
Where are the rev'rend sages of the law,

To guide me with their wisdoms, and point out
The paths which right and justice bid me tread?
North. The judges all attend, and will at leisure
Resolve you ev'ry scruple.
L. *J. G.* They expound;
But where are those, my lord, that make the law?
Where are the ancient honours of the realm,
The nobles, with the mitred fathers join'd?
The wealthy commons solemnly assembled?
Where is that voice of a consenting people,
To pledge the universal faith with mine,
And call me justly queen?
" *North.* Nor shall that long
" Be wanting to your wish. The lords and commons
" Shall, at your royal bidding, soon assemble,
" And with united homage own your title.
" Delay not then to meet the general wish,
" But be our queen, be England's better angel.
" Nor let mistaken piety betray you
" To join with cruel Mary in our ruin:
" Her bloody faith commands her to destroy,
" And yours forbids to save."
Guil. Our foes, already
High in their hopes, devote us all to death:
" The dronish monks, the scorn and shame of man-
hood,
" Rouse and prepare once more to take possession,
" To nestle in their ancient hives again:
" Again they furbish up their holy trumpery,
" Relicks and wooden wonder-working saints,

" Whole loads of lumber and religious rubbish,
" In high procession mean to bring them back,
" And place the puppets in their shrines again:
" While those of keener malice, savage Bonner,
" And deep-designing Gard'ner, dream of vengeance;
" Devour the blood of innocents, in hope;
" Like vultures, snuff the slaughter in the wind,
" And speed their flight to havock and the prey."
Haste then, and save us, while 'tis given to save
Your country, your religion.

North. Save your friends!

Suff. Your father!

D. *Suff.* Mother!

Guil. Husband!

L. *J. G.* Take me, crown me,
Invest me with this royal wretchedness;
Let me not know one happy minute more;
Let all my sleepless nights be spent in care,
My days be fix'd with tumults and alarms;
If only I can save you, if my fate
Has mark'd me out to be the public victim,
I take the lot with joy. Yes, I will die
For that eternal truth my faith is fix'd on,
And that dear native land which gave me birth.

Guil. Wake ev'ry tuneful instrument to tell it,
And let the trumpet's sprightly note proclaim
My Jane is England's queen! " Let the loud cannon
" In peals of thunder speak it to Augusta;
" Imperial Thames, catch thou the sacred sound,
" And roll it to the subject ocean down:

" Tell the old deep, and all thy brother floods,
" My Jane is empress of the wat'ry world!
" Now with glad fires our bloodless streets shall shine:
" With cries of joy our cheerful ways shall ring;"
Thy name shall echo through the rescu'd isle,
And reach applauding heaven!

L. J. G. Oh, Guilford! what do we give up for glory!
For glory! that's a toy I would not purchase,
An idle, empty bubble. But for England!
What must we lose for that? Since then my fate
Has forc'd this hard exchange upon my will,
Let gracious Heav'n allow me one request:
For that blest peace in which I once did dwell,
" For books, retirement, and my studious cell,
" For all those joys my happier days did prove,
" For Plato, and his academic grove;"
All that I ask, is, tho' my fortune frown,
And bury me beneath this fatal crown;
Let that one good be added to my doom,
To save this land from tyranny and Rome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues. *Enter* PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.

Gardiner.

In an unlucky and accursed hour
Set forth that traitor duke, that proud Northumberland,

" To draw his sword upon the side of heresy,
" And war against our Mary's holy right:
" Ill fortune fly before, and pave his way
" With disappointments, mischief, and defeat;"
Do thou, O holy Becket, the protector,
The champion, and the martyr of our church,
Appear, and once more own the cause of Rome:
Beat down his lance, break thou his sword in battle,
And cover foul rebellion with confusion.

Pem. I saw him marching at his army's head;
I mark'd him issuing thro' the city-gate
In harness all appointed, as he pass'd;
And (for he wore his beaver up) cou'd read
Upon his visage, horror and dismay.
No voice of cheerful salutation cheer'd him,
None wish'd his arms might thrive, or bade God speed him;
But through a staring ghastly-looking crowd,
Unhail'd, unbless'd, with heavy heart he went:
As if his traitor father's haggard ghost,
And Somerset, fresh bleeding from the axe,
On either hand had usher'd him to ruin.

Gar. Nor shall the holy vengeance loiter long.
At Farmingham, in Suffolk, lies the queen,
Mary, our pious mistress: where each day
The nobles of the land, and swarming populace,
Gather, and list beneath her royal ensigns.
The fleet, commanded by Sir Thomas Jerningham,
Set out in warlike manner to oppose her,
With one consent have join'd to own her cause:

The valiant Sussex, and Sir Edward Hastings,
With many more of note, are up in arms,
And all declare for her.

" *Pem.* The citizens,
" Who held the noble Somerset right dear,
" Hate this aspiring Dudley and his race,
" And wou'd upon the instant join t'oppose him;
" Could we but draw some of the lords o'th' council
" T'appear among 'em, own the same design,
" And bring the rev'rend sanction of authority
" To lead 'em into action. For that purpose,
" To thee, as to an oracle, I come,
" To learn what fit expedient may be found,
" To win the wary council to our side.
" Say thou, whose head is grown thus silver-white
" In arts of government, and turns of state,
" How we may blast our enemies with ruin,
" And sink the curs'd Northumberland to hell?

" *Gar.* In happy time be your whole wish accomplish'd.
" Since the proud Duke set out, I have had conference,
" As fit occasion serv'd, with divers of 'em,
" The Earl of Arundel, Mason, and Cheyney,
" And find 'em all dispos'd as we cou'd ask.
" By holy Mary, if I count aright,
" To-day the better part shall leave this place,
" And meet at Baynard's castle in the city;
" There own our sovereign's title, and defy
" Jane and her gospel-crew. But hie you hence!

" This place is still within our foes command,
" Their puppet-queen reigns here."

Enter an Officer with a Guard.

Off. Seize on 'em both.

[*Guards seize* Pembroke *and* Gardiner.

My lord, you are a pris'ner to the state.

Pem. Ha! by whose order?

Off. By the queen's command,
Sign'd and deliver'd by Lord Guilford Dudley.

Pem. Curse on his traitor's heart!

Gard. Rest you contented:
You have loiter'd here too long; but use your patience,
These bonds shall not be lasting.

Off. As for you, Sir, [*To* Gardiner.
'Tis the queen's pleasure you be close confin'd:
You've us'd that fair permission was allow'd you
To walk at large within the Tower, unworthily.
You're noted for an over-busy meddler,
A secret practiser against the state;
For which, henceforth, your limits shall be straiter.
Hence, to your chamber!

Gar. Farewell, gentle Pembroke;
I trust that we shall meet on blither terms:
Till then, amongst my beads I will remember you,
And give you to the keeping of the saints.

[*Exeunt Part of the Guards with* Gardiner.

Pem. Now, whither must I go?

Off. This way, my lord. [*Going off.*

Enter GUILFORD.

Guil. Hold, Captain! ere you go, I have a word or two
For this your noble pris'ner.

Off. At your pleasure:
I know my duty, and attend your lordship.

[*The Officer and Guards retire to the farthest Part of the Stage.*

Guil. Is all the gentleness that was betwixt us
So lost, so swept away from thy remembrance,
Thou canst not look upon me?

Pem. Ha! not look!
What terrors are there in the Dudley's race,
That Pembroke dares not look upon and scorn?
And yet, 'tis true, I wou'd not look upon thee:
Our eyes avoid to look on what we hate,
As well as what we fear.

Guil. You hate me, then!

Pem. I do; and wish perdition may o'ertake
Thy father, thy false self, and thy whole name.

Guil. And yet, as sure as rage disturbs thy reason,
And masters all the noble nature in thee,
As sure as thou hast wrong'd me, I am come
In tenderness of friendship to preserve thee;
To plant ev'n all the pow'r I have before thee,
And fence thee from destruction with my life.

Pem. Friendship from thee! But my just soul disdains thee.
Hence! take the prostituted bauble back,

" Hang it to grace some slavering idiot's neck,
" For none but fools will praise the tinsel toy."
But thou art come, perhaps, to vaunt thy greatness,
And set thy purple pomp to view before me;
To let me know that Guilford is a king,
That he can speak the word, and give me freedom.
Oh, short-liv'd pageant! had'st thou all the pow'r
Which thy vain soul wou'd grasp at, I wou'd die,
Rot in a dungeon, ere receive a grace,
The least, the meanest courtesy, from thee.

Guil. Oh, Pembroke! but I have not time to talk,
For danger presses, danger unforeseen,
And secret as the shaft that flies by night,
Is aiming at thy life. Captain, a word!

[*To the Officer.*

I take your pris'ner to my proper charge;
Draw off your guard, and leave his sword with me.

[*The Officer delivers the Sword to Lord* Guilford, *and goes out with his Guard.*

[*Lord* Guilford *offering the Sword to* Pembroke.

Receive this gift, ev'n from a rival's hand;
And if thy rage will suffer thee to hear
The counsel of a man once call'd thy friend,
Fly from this fatal place, and seek thy safety.

Pem. How now! what shew! what mockery is this?
" Is it in sport you use me thus? What means
" This swift fantastic changing of the scene?"

Guil. Oh, take thy sword; and let thy valiant hand
Be ready arm'd to guard thy noble life:
The time, the danger, and the wild impatience,

Forbid me all to enter into speech with thee,
Or I cou'd tell thee——

Pem. No, it needs not, traitor!
For all thy poor, thy little arts are known.
Thou fear'st my vengeance, and art come to fawn,
To make a merit of that proffer'd freedom,
Which, in despite of thee, a day shall give me.
Nor can my fate depend on thee, false Guilford;
For know, to thy confusion, ere the sun
Twice gild the east, our royal Mary comes
To end thy pageant reign, and set me free.

Guil. Ungrateful and unjust! Hast thou then known me
So little, to accuse my heart of fear?
Hast thou forgotten Musselborough's field?
Did I then fear, when by thy side I fought,
And dy'd my maiden sword in Scottish blood?
But this is madness all.

Pem. Give me my sword. [*Taking his sword.*
Perhaps indeed, I wrong thee. Thou hast thought;
And, conscious of the injury thou hast done me,
Art come to proffer me a soldier's justice,
And meet my arm in single opposition.
Lead then, and let me follow to the field.

Guil. Yes, Pembroke, thou shalt satisfy thy vengeance,
And write thy bloody purpose on my bosom.
But let death wait to-day. By our past friendship,
In honour's name, by ev'ry sacred tie,
I beg thee ask no more, but haste from hence.

Pem. What mystic meaning lurks beneath thy words?
What fear is this, which thou wou'dst awe my soul with?
Is there a danger Pembroke dares not meet?

Guil. Oh, spare my tongue a tale of guilt and horror;
Trust me this once: believe me when I tell thee,
Thy safety and thy life is all I seek.
Away.

Pem. "By Heav'n! I wo'not stir a step."
Curse on this shuffling, dark, ambiguous phrase!
If thou wou'dst have me think thou mean'st me fairly,
Speak with that plainness honesty delights in,
And let thy double tongue for once be true.

Guil. Forgive me, filial piety and nature,
If thus compell'd, I break your sacred laws,
Reveal my father's crime, and blot with infamy
The hoary head of him who gave me being,
To save the man whom my soul loves, from death.
[*Giving a paper.*
Read there the fatal purpose of thy foe,
A thought which wounds my soul with shame and horror!
Somewhat that darkness shou'd have hid for ever,
But that thy life—Say, hast thou seen that character?

Pem. I know it well; the hand of proud Northumberland,
Directed to his minions, Gates and Palmer.
What's this? [*Reads.*
"Remember, with your closest care, to observe

those whom I nam'd to you at parting; especially keep your eye upon the earl of Pembroke; as his power and interest are most considerable, so his opposition will be most fatal to us. Remember the resolution was taken, if you should find him inclined to our enemies. The forms of justice are tedious, and delays are dangerous. If he falters, lose not the sight of him till your daggers have reached his heart." My heart! Oh, murd'rous villain!

Guil. Since he parted,
Thy ways have all been watch'd, thy steps been mark'd;
Thy secret treaties with the malecontents
That harbour in the city, thy conferring
With Gard'ner here in the Tower; all is known:
And, in pursuance of that bloody mandate,
A set of chosen ruffians wait to end thee:
There was but one way left me to preserve thee;
I took it; and this morning sent my warrant
To seize upon thy person——But begone!

Pem. 'Tis so—'tis truth——I see his honest heart—

Guil. I have a friend of well-try'd faith and courage,
Who, with a fit disguise, and arms conceal'd,
Attends without to guide thee hence with safety.

Pem. What is Northumberland? And what art thou?

Guil. Waste not the time. Away!

Pem. Here let me fix,
And gaze with everlasting wonder on thee.
What is there good or excellent in man,
That is not found in thee? Thy virtues flash,

They break at once on my astonish'd soul;
" As if the curtains of the dark were drawn,
" To let in day at midnight.
" *Guil.* Think me true;
" And tho' ill fortune cross'd upon our friendship—
" *Pem.* Curse on our fortune!—Think I know thee
honest."
Guil. For ever I cou'd hear thee—but thy life,
Oh, Pembroke! linger not———
Pem. And can I leave thee,
Ere I have clasp'd thee in my eager arms,
And giv'n thee back my sad repenting heart?
Believe me, Guilford, like the patriarch's dove,
[*Embracing.*
It wander'd forth, but found no resting place,
'Till it came home again to lodge with thee.
Guil. What is there that my soul can more desire,
Than these dear marks of thy returning friendship?
The danger comes——If you stay longer here,
You die, my Pembroke.
Pem. Let me stay and die;
For if I go, I go to work thy ruin.
Thou know'st not what a foe thou send'st me forth,
That I have sworn destruction to the queen,
And pledg'd my faith to Mary and her cause:
My honour is at stake.
Guil. I know 'tis given.
But go—the stronger thy engagements there,
The more's thy danger here. " There is a Power
" Who sits above the stars; in him I trust:

" All that I have, his bounteous hand bestow'd;
" And he that gave it, can preserve it to me.
" If his o'er-ruling will ordains my ruin,
" What is there more, but to fall down before him,
" And humbly yield obedience!"——Fly! begone!

Pem. Yes, I will go—for, see! Behold who comes!
Oh, Guilford! hide me, shield me from her sight;
Every mad passion kindles up again,
Love, rage, despair—and yet I will be master—
I will remember thee——Oh, my torn heart!
I have a thousand thousand things to say,
But cannot, dare not stay to look on her.
" Thus gloomy ghosts, where'er the breaking morn
" Gives notice of the cheerful sun's return,
" Fade at the light, with horror stand oppress'd,
" And shrink before the purple dawning east;
" Swift with the fleeting shades they wing their way,
" And dread the brightness of the rising day."

[*Exeunt* Guilford *and* Pembroke.

Enter Lady JANE, *reading.*

L. *J. Gray.* " 'Tis false! The thinking soul is somewhat more
" Than symmetry of atoms well dispos'd,
" The harmony of matter. Farewell else
" The hope of all hereafter, that new life,
" That separate intellect, which must survive,
" When this fine frame is moulder'd into dust."

Enter GUILFORD.

Guil. What read'st thou there, my queen?

L. *J. Gray.* 'Tis Plato's Phædon;
Where dying Socrates takes leave of life,
With such an easy, careless, calm indifference,
As if the trifle were of no account,
Mean in itself, and only to be worn
In honour of the giver.

Guil. Shall thy soul
Still scorn the world, still fly the joys that court
" Thy blooming beauty, and thy tender youth?"
Still shall she soar on contemplation's wing,
And mix with nothing meaner than the stars;
" As heaven and immortality alone
" Were objects worthy to employ her faculties?
" L. *J. Gray.* Bate but thy truth, what is there here below
" Deserves the least regard? Is it not time
" To bid our souls look out, explore hereafter,
" And seek some better sure abiding place;
" When all around our gathering foes come on,
" To drive, to sweep us from this world at once?
" *Guil.* Does any danger new——"

L. *J. Gray.* The faithless counsellors
Are fled from hence to join the princess Mary.
The servile herd of courtiers, who so late
In low obedience bent the knee before me;
They, who with zealous tongues, and hands uplifted,
Besought me to defend their laws and faith;

Vent their lewd execrations on my name,
Proclaim me trait'ress now, and to the scaffold
Doom my devoted head.

Guil. The changeling villains!
That pray for slavery, fight for their bonds,
And shun the blessing, liberty, like ruin.
" What art thou, human nature, to do thus?
" Does fear or folly make thee, like the Indian,
" Fall down before this dreadful devil, tyranny,
" And worship the destroyer?"
But wherefore do I loiter tamely here?
Give me my arms: I will preserve my country,
Ev'n in her own despite. Some friends I have,
Who will or die or conquer in thy cause,
Thine and religion's, thine and England's cause.

L. *J. Gray.* Art thou not all my treasure, all my guard?
And wo't thou take from me the only joy,
The last defence is left me here below?
Think not thy arm can stem the driving torrent,
Or save a people, who with blinded rage
Urge their own fate, and strive to be undone.
Northumberland, thy father, is in arms;
And if it be in valour to defend us,
His sword, that long has known the way to conquest,
Shall be our surest safety.

Enter the Duke of SUFFOLK.

Suff. Oh, my children!
L. *J. Gray.* Alas! what means my father?

Suff. Oh, my son,
Thy father, great Northumberland, on whom
Our dearest hopes were built——

Guil. Ha! What of him?

Suff. Is lost! betray'd!
His army, onward as he march'd, shrunk from him,
Moulder'd away, and melted by his side;
" Like falling hail thick strewn upon the ground,
" Which, ere we can essay to count, is vanish'd."
With some few followers he arriv'd at Cambridge;
But there ev'n they forsook him, and himself
Was forc'd, with heavy heart and wat'ry eye,
To cast his cap up, with dissembled cheer,
And cry, God save queen Mary. But, alas!
Little avail'd the semblance of that loyalty:
For soon thereafter, by the earl of Arundel,
With treason he was charg'd, and there arrested;
And now he brings him pris'ner up to London.

L. *J. Gray.* Then there's an end of greatness: the vain dream
Of empire, and a crown that danc'd before me,
" With all those unsubstantial empty forms:
" Waiting in idle mockery around us;
" The gaudy masque, tedious, and nothing meaning,"
Is vanish'd all at once——Why, fare it well.

Guil. And canst thou bear this sudden turn of fate,
With such unshaken temper?

L. *J. Gray.* For myself,
If I could form a wish for Heav'n to grant,
It should have been, to rid me of this crown.

And thou, o'er-ruling, great, all-knowing Power!
Thou, who discern'st our thoughts, who see'st 'em
rising
And forming in the soul! Oh, judge me, thou,
If e'er ambition's guilty fires have warm'd me,
If e'er my heart inclin'd to pride, to power,
Or join'd in being a queen. I took the sceptre
To save this land, thy people, and thy altars:
And now, behold, I bend my grateful knee, [*Kneeling.*
In humble adoration of that mercy,
Which quits me of the vast unequal task.

Enter the Duchess of SUFFOLK.

Duch. *Suff.* Nay, keep that posture still, and let
us join,
Fix all our knees by thine, lift up our hands,
And seek for help and pity from above,
For earth and faithless man will give us none.

L. *J. Gray.* What is the worst our cruel fate or-
dains us?

Duch. *Suff.* Curs'd be my fatal counsels, curs'd my
tongue,
That pleaded for thy ruin, and persuaded
Thy guiltless feet to tread the paths of greatness!
My child——I have undone thee!

L. *J. Gray.* Oh, my mother!
Shou'd I not bear a portion in your sorrows?

Duch. *Suff.* Alas, thou hast thy own, a double
portion.
Mary is come, and the revolting Londoners,

Who beat the heav'ns with thy applauded name,
Now crowd to meet, and hail her as their queen.
Sussex is enter'd here, commands the Tower,
Has plac'd his guards around, and this sad place,
So late thy palace, is become our prison.
I saw him bend his knee to cruel Gardiner,
Who, freed from his confinement, ran to meet him,
Embrac'd and bless'd him with a hand of blood;
Each hast'ning moment I expect 'em here,
To seize, and pass the doom of death upon us.

Guil. Ha! seiz'd! Shalt thou be seiz'd? and shall I stand,
And tamely see thee borne away to death?
Then blasted be my coward name for ever.
No, I will set myself to guard this spot,
To which our narrow empire now is shrunk:
Here I will grow the bulwark of my queen;
Nor shall the hand of violence profane thee,
Until my breast have borne a thousand wounds,
Till this torn mangled body sink at once
A heap of purple ruin at thy feet.

L. *J. Gray.* And could thy rash distracted rage do thus?
Draw thy vain sword against an armed multitude,
" Only to have my poor heart split with horror,
" To see thee stabb'd and butcher'd here before me?"
Oh, call thy better nobler courage to thee,
And let us meet this adverse fate with patience!
" Greet our insulting foes with equal tempers,
" With even brows, and souls secure of death;

" Here stand unmov'd; as once the Roman senate
" Receiv'd fierce Brennus, and the conquering Gauls,
" Till ev'n the rude Barbarians stood amaz'd
" At such superior virtue." Be thyself,
For see the trial comes!

Enter SUSSEX, GARDINER, *Officers and Soldiers.*

Suss. Guards, execute your orders; seize the traitors:
Here my commission ends. To you, my lord, [*To* Gar.
So our great mistress, royal Mary, bids,
I leave the full disposal of these pris'ners?
To your wise care the pious queen commends
Her sacred self, her crown, and what's yet more,
The holy Roman church; for whose dear safety,
She wills your utmost diligence be shewn,
To bring rebellion to the bar of justice.
Yet farther, to proclaim how much she trusts
In Winchester's deep thought, and well try'd faith,
The seal attends to grace those rev'rend hands;
And when I next salute you, I must call you
Chief minister and chancellor of England.

Gar. Unnumber'd blessings fall upon her head,
My ever-gracious lady! to remember
With such full bounty her old humble beadsman!
For these, her foes, leave me to deal with them.

Suss. The queen is on her entrance, and expects me:
My lord, farewell.

Gar. Farewell, right noble Sussex:
Commend me to the queen's grace; say her bidding

Shall be observ'd by her most lowly creature.

[*Exit* Sussex.

Lieutenant of the Tower, take hence your pris'ners:
Be it your care to see 'em kept apart,
That they may hold no commerce with each other.

L. J. Gray. That stroke was unexpected.

Guil. Wilt thou part us?

Gar. I hold no speech with heretics and traitors.
Lieutenant, see my orders are obey'd. [*Exit* Gar.

Guil. Inhuman, monstrous, unexampl'd cruelty!
Oh, tyrant! but the task becomes thee well;
Thy savage temper joys to do death's office;
To tear the sacred bands of love asunder,
And part those hands which heav'n itself hath join'd.

Duch. *Suff.* To let us waste the little rest of life
Together, had been merciful.

Suff. Then it had not
Been done like Winchester.

Guil. Thou stand'st unmov'd;
Calm temper sits upon thy beauteous brow;
Thy eyes, that flow'd so fast for Edward's loss,
Gaze unconcern'd upon the ruin round thee;
As if thou hadst resolv'd to brave thy fate,
And triumph in the midst of desolation.
" Ha! see, it swells; the liquid crystal rises,
" It starts, in spite of thee,——but I will catch it;
" Nor let the earth be wet with dew so rich."

L. *J. Gray.* And dost thou think, my Guilford, I
can see
My father, mother, and ev'n thee my husband,

Torn from my side without a pang of sorrow?
How art thou thus unknowing in my heart!
Words cannot tell thee what I feel. There is
An agonizing softness busy here,
That tugs the strings, that struggles to get loose,
And pour my soul in wailings out before thee.

Guil. Give way, and let the gushing torrent come;
Behold the tears we bring to swell the deluge,
Till the flood rise upon the guilty world,
And make the ruin common.

L. *J. Gray.* Guilford! no:
The time for tender thoughts and soft endearments
Is fled away and gone: joy has forsaken us;
Our hearts have now another part to play;
They must be steel'd with some uncommon fortitude,
That, fearless, we may tread the paths of horror;
And, in despite of fortune and our foes,
Ev'n in the hour of death, be more than conquerors.

Guil. Oh, teach me! say, what energy divine
Inspires thy softer sex, and tender years,
With such unshaken courage?

L. *J. Gray.* Truth and innocence;
A conscious knowledge rooted in my heart,
That to have sav'd my country was my duty.
Yes, England, yes, my country, I would save thee;
But Heav'n forbids, Heav'n disallows my weakness.
And to some dear selected hero's hand
Reserves the glory of thy great deliverance.

Lieut. My lords, my orders————

Guil. See! we must—must part.

L. *J. Gray.* Yet surely we shall meet again.
" *Guil.* Oh! Where?
" L. *J. Gray.* If not on earth, among yon golden stars,
" Where other suns arise on other earths,
" And happier beings rest on happier seats:
" Where with a reach enlarg'd, our soul shall view
" The great Creator's never-ceasing hand
" Pour forth new worlds to all eternity,
" And people the infinity of space."
Guil. Fain wou'd I cheer my heart with hopes like these;
But my sad thoughts turn ever to the grave;
To that last dwelling, whither now we haste;
Where the black shade shall interpose betwixt us,
And veil thee from these longing eyes for ever.
L. *J. Gray.* 'Tis true, by those dark paths our journey leads,
And through the vale of death we pass to life.
But what is there in death to blast our hopes?
Behold the universal works of nature,
Where life still springs from death. " To us the sun
" Dies ev'ry night, and ev'ry morn revives:
" The flow'rs, which winter's icy hand destroy'd,
" Lift their fair heads, and live again in spring."
Mark, with what hopes upon the furrow'd plain,
The careful plowman casts the pregnant grain;
There hid, as in a grave, a while it lies,
Till the revolving season bids it rise;

" Till nature's genial pow'rs command a birth;
" And potent call it from the teeming earth:"
Then large increase the bury'd treasures yield,
And with full harvest crown the plenteous field.

[*Exeunt severally with guards.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues. *Enter* GARDINER, *as Lord Chancellor, and the Lieutenant of the Tower. Servants with lights before 'em.*

Lieutenant.

GOOD morning to your lordship; you rise early.

Gar. Nay, by the rood, there are too many sleepers;
Some must stir early, or the state shall suffer.
Did you, as yesterday our mandate bade,
Inform your pris'ners, Lady Jane and Guilford,
They were to die this day?

Lieut. My lord, I did.

Gar. 'Tis well. But say, How did your message like 'em?

Lieut. My lord, they met the summons with a temper
That shew'd a solemn, serious sense of death,
Mix'd with a noble scorn of all its terrors.
In short, they heard me with the self-same patience
With which they still have borne them in their prison.
In one request they both concurr'd: each begg'd
To die before the other.

Gar. That dispose
As you think fitting.
Lieut. The lord Guilford only
Implor'd another boon, and urg'd it warmly:
That ere he suffer'd he might see his wife,
And take a last farewell.
Gar. That's not much;
That grace may be allow'd him. See you to it.
How goes the morning?
Lieut. Not yet four, my lord.
Gar. By ten they meet their fate. Yet one thing more.
You know 'twas order'd that the lady Jane
Shou'd suffer here within the Tow'r. Take care
No crowds may be let in, no maudlin gazers
To wet their handkerchiefs, and make report
How like a saint she ended. Some fit number,
And those too of our friends, were most convenient:
But, above all, see that good guard be kept:
You know the queen is lodged at present here,
Take care that no disturbance reach her highness.
And so good-morning, good master lieutenant.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*
How now! What light comes here?
Ser. So please your lordship,
If I mistake not, 'tis the earl of Pembroke.
Gar. Pembroke!——'Tis he: What calls him forth thus early?
Somewhat he seems to bring of high import;

" Some flame uncommon kindles up his soul,
" And flashes forth impetuous at his eyes."

Enter PEMBROKE; *a Page with a light before him.*

Good morrow, noble Pembroke! What importunate
And strong necessity breaks on your slumbers,
And rears your youthful head from off your pillow
At this unwholsome hour; " while yet the night
" Lasts in her latter course, and with her raw
" And rheumy damps infest the dusky air?"

Pem. Oh, rev'rend Winchester! my beating heart
Exults and labours with the joy it bears:
The news I bring shall bless the breaking morn.
" This coming day the sun shall rise more glorious
" Than when his maiden beams first gilded o'er
" The rich immortal greens, the flow'ry plains,
" And fragrant bow'rs of paradise new-born."

Gar. What happiness is this!

Pem. 'Tis mercy, mercy,
" The mark of Heav'n impress'd on human kind;
" Mercy, that glads the world, deals joy around;
" Mercy, that smooths the dreadful brow of power,
" And makes dominion light; mercy, that saves,
" Binds up the broken heart, and heals despair."
Mary, our royal, ever-gracious mistress,
Has to my services and humblest prayers
Granted the lives of Guilford and his wife;
Full and free pardon!

Gar. Ha! What said you? Pardon!
But sure you cannot mean it; cou'd not urge

The queen to such a rash and ill-tim'd grace?
What! save the lives of those who wore her crown!
My lord, 'tis most unweigh'd, pernicious counsel,
And must not be comply'd with.

Pem. Not comply'd with!
And who shall dare to bar her sacred pleasure,
And stop the stream of mercy!

Gar. That will I;
Who wo'not see her gracious disposition
Draw to destroy herself.

Pem. Thy narrow soul
Knows not the godlike glory of forgiving:
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless heart conceive,
How large the power, how fix'd the empire is,
Which benefits confer on generous minds:
" Goodness prevails upon the stubborn foes,
" And conquer more then even Cæsar's sword did."

Gar. These are romantic, light, vain-glorious dreams.
Have you consider'd well upon the danger?
How dear to the fond many, and how popular
These are whom you would spare? Have you forgot,
When at the bar, before the seat of judgment,
This lady Jane, this beauteous trait'ress, stood,
With what command she charm'd the whole assembly?
With silent grief the mournful audience sat,
Fix'd on her face, and list'ning to her pleading.
Her very judges wrung their hands for pity;
Their old hearts melted in 'em as she spoke,
And tears ran down upon their silver beards.

Ev'n I myself was mov'd, and for a moment
Felt wrath suspended in my doubtful breast,
And question'd if the voice I heard was mortal.
But when her tale was done, what loud applause,
Like bursts of thunder, shook the spacious hall!
At last, when sore constrain'd, th' unwilling lords
Pronounc'd the fatal sentence on her life;
A peal of groans ran through the crowded court,
As every heart was broken, and the doom,
Like that which waits the world, were universal.

Pem. And can that sacred form, that angel's voice,
Which mov'd the hearts of a rude ruthless crowd,
Nay, mov'd ev'n thine, now sue in vain for pity?

Gar. Alas, you look on her with lover's eyes:
I hear and see through reasonable organs,
Where passion has no part. Come, come, my lord,
You have too little of the statesman in you.

Pem. And you, my lord, too little of the churchman.
Is not the sacred purpose of our faith
Peace and good-will to man? The hallow'd hand,
Ordain'd to bless, should know no stain of blood.
'Tis true, I am not practis'd in your politics;
'Twas your pernicious counsel led the queen
To break her promise with the men of Suffolk,
To violate, what in a prince should be
Sacred above the rest, her royal word.

Gar. Yes, and I dare avow it: I advis'd her
To break through all engagements made with heretics,
And keep no faith with such a miscreant crew.

Pem. Where shall we seek for truth, when ev'n religion,
The priestly robe and mitred head disclaim it?
" But thus bad men dishonour the best cause."
I tell thee, Winchester, doctrines like thine
Have stain'd our holy church with greater infamy
Than all your eloquence can wipe away.
Hence 'tis, that those who differ from our faith,
Brand us with breach of oaths, with persecution,
With tyranny o'er conscience, and proclaim
Our scarlet prelates men that thirst for blood,
And Christian Rome more cruel than the pagan.

Gar. Nay, if you rail, farewell. The queen must be
Better advis'd, than thus to cherish vipers,
Whose mortal stings are arm'd against her life.
But while I hold the seal, no pardon passes
For heretics and traitors. [*Exit* Gardiner.

Pem. 'Twas unlucky
To meet and cross upon this froward priest:
But let me lose the thought on't; let me haste,
Pour my glad tidings forth in Guilford's bosom,
And pay him back the life his friendship sav'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Lady JANE *kneeling, as at her devotion; a light, and a book placed on a table before her. Enter Lieutenant of the Tower, Lord* GUILFORD, *and one of Lady* JANE's *women.*

Lieut. Let me not press upon your lordship farther,
But wait your leisure in the antichamber.

Guil. I will not hold you long. [*Exit Lieutenant.*

Wom. Softly, my lord!
For yet, behold she kneels. " Before the night
" Had reach'd her middle space, she left her bed,
" And with a pleasing, sober cheerfulness,
" As for her funeral, array'd herself
" In those sad solemn weeds. Since then her knee
" Has known that posture only, and her eye,
" Or fix'd upon the sacred page before her,
" Or lifted, with her rising hopes, to heav'n."

Guil. See, with what zeal those holy hands are rear'd!
" Mark her vermilion lip, with fervour trembling;
" Her spotless bosom swells with sacred ardor,
" And burns with ecstasy and strong devotion;
" Her supplication sweet, her faithful vows
" Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high Heaven,
" Like incense from the golden censer rise;
" Or blessed angels minister unseen,
" Catch the soft sounds, and with alternate office,
" Spread their ambrosial wings, then mount with joy,

" And waft them upwards to the throne of grace."
But she has ended, and comes forward.
[*Lady* JANE *rises, and comes toward the front of the stage.*
L. *J. Gray.* Ha!
Art thou my Guilford? Wherefore dost thou come
To break the settled quiet of my soul?
I meant to part without another pang,
And lay my weary head down full of peace.
Guil. Forgive the fondness of my longing soul,
That melts with tenderness, and leans toward thee:
" Tho' the imperious, dreadful voice of fate
" Summon her hence, and warn her from the world."
But if to see thy Guilford give thee pain,
Wou'd I had died, and never more beheld thee:
" Tho' my lamenting discontented ghost
" Had wander'd forth unbless'd by those dear eyes,
" And wail'd thy loss in death's eternal shades."
L. *J. Gray.* My heart had ended ev'ry earthly care,
And offer'd up its pray'rs for thee and England,
" And fix'd its hopes upon a rock unfailing;"
While all the little bus'ness that remain'd,
Was but to pass the forms of death and constancy,
And leave a life become indifferent to me.
But thou hast waken'd other thoughts within me;
Thy sight, my dearest husband and my lord,
Strikes on the tender strings of love and nature:
My vanquish'd passions rise again, and tell me,
'Tis more, far more than death to part from thee.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. Oh, let me fly, bear me, thou swift impatience,
And lodge me in my faithful Guilford's arms!
[*Embracing.*
That I may snatch thee from the greedy grave,
That I may warm his gentle heart with joy,
And talk to him of life, of life and pardon.

Guil. What means my dearest Pembroke?

Pem. Oh, my speech
Is choak'd with words that crowd to tell my tidings!
But I have sav'd thee—and—Oh, joy unutterable!
The queen, my gracious, my forgiving mistress,
Has given not only thee to my request,
But she, she too, in whom alone thou liv'st,
The partner of thy heart, thy love is safe.

Guil. Millions of blessings wait her!—Has she—tell me,
Oh, has she spar'd my wife?

Pem. Both, both are pardon'd.
But haste, and do thou lead me to thy saint,
That I may cast myself beneath her feet,
And beg her to accept this poor amends
For all I've done against her——Thou fair excellence,
[*Kneeling.*
Canst thou forgive the hostile hand that arm'd
Against thy cause, and robb'd thee of a crown?

L. *J. Gray.* Oh, rise, my lord, and let me take your posture.
Life and the world are hardly worth my care,

But you have reconcil'd me to 'em both;
Then let me pay my gratitude, and for
This free, this noble, unexpected mercy,
Thus low I bow to Heav'n, the queen, and you.

Pem. To me! forbid it goodness! if I live,
Somewhat I will do shall deserve your thanks.
" All discord and remembrance of offence
" Shall be clean blotted out; and for your freedom,
" Myself have underta'en to be your caution."
Hear me, you saints, and aid my pious purpose:
These that deserve so much, this wondrous pair,
Let these be happy: ev'ry joy attend 'em;
A fruitful bed, a chain of love unbroken,
" A good old age, to see their children's children;"
A holy death, and everlasting memory;
" While I resign to them my share of happiness,
" Contented still to wait what they enjoy,
" And singly to be wretched."

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lieut. The Lord Chancellor
Is come with orders from the queen.

Enter GARDINER, *and Attendants.*

Pem. Ha! Winchester!

Gar. The queen, whose days be many,
By me confirms her first accorded grace;
But, as the pious princess means her mercy
Should reach e'en to the soul as well as body,
By me she signifies her royal pleasure,

That thou, Lord Guilford, and the Lady Jane,
Do instantly renounce, abjure your heresy,
And yield obedience to the see of Rome.

L. J. Gray. What! turn apostate?

Guil. Ha! forego my faith!

Gar. This one condition only seals your pardon:
But if, through pride of heart, and stubborn obstinacy,
With wilful hands you push the blessing from you,
" And shut your eyes against such manifest light,"
Know ye, your former sentence stands confirm'd,
And you must die to-day.

Pem. 'Tis false as hell:
The mercy of the queen was free and full.
Think'st thou that princes merchandize their grace,
As Roman priests their pardons? " Do they barter,
" Screw up, like you, the buyer to a price,
" And doubly sell what was design'd a gift?"

Gar. My lord, this language ill beseems your noble-
ness;
Nor come I here to bandy words with madmen.
Behold the royal signet of the queen,
Which amply speaks her meaning. You, the pris'ners,
Have heard, at large, its purport, and must instantly
Resolve upon the choice of life or death.

Pem. Curse on——But wherefore do I loiter here?
I'll to the queen this moment, and there know
What 'tis this mischief-making priest intends. [*Exit.*

Gar. Your wisdom points you out a proper course.
A word with you, Lieutenant.

[*Talks with the Lieutenant aside.*

Guil. Must we part then ?
What are those hopes that flatter'd us but now ;
Those joys, that, like the spring, with all its flow'rs,
Pour'd out their pleasures ev'ry where around us ?
In one poor minute gone ; " at once they wither'd,
" And left their place all desolate behind them."

L. *J. Gray.* Such is this foolish world, and such the certainty
Of all the boasted blessings it bestows :
Then, Guilford, let us have no more to do with it ;
Think only how to leave it as we ought ;
" But trust no more, and be deceiv'd no more."

Guil. Yes, I will copy thy divine example,
" And tread the paths are pointed out by thee :"
By thee instructed, to the fatal block
I bend my head with joy, and think it happiness
To give my life a ransom for my faith.
" From thee, thou angel of my heart, I learn
" That greatest, hardest task, to part with thee."

L. *J. Gray.* Oh, gloriously resolv'd ! " Heav'n is my witness,
" My heart rejoices in thee more ev'n now,
" Thus constant as thou art, in death thus faithful,
" Than when the holy priest first join'd our hands,
" And knit the sacred knot of bridal love."

Gar. The day wears fast ; Lord Guilford, have you thought ?
Will you lay hold on life ?

Guil. What are the terms ?

Gar. Death, or the mass, attend you.

Guil. 'Tis determin'd:
Lead to the scaffold.

Gar. Bear him to his fate.

Guil. Oh, let me fold thee once more in my arms,
Thou dearest treasure of my heart, and print
A dying husband's kiss upon thy lip!
Shall we not live again, ev'n in those forms?
Shall I not gaze upon thee with these eyes?

L. *J. Gray.* Oh, wherefore dost thou sooth me with thy softness?
Why dost thou wind thyself about my heart,
And make this separation painful to us?
" Here break we off at once; and let us now,
" Forgetting ceremony, like two friends
" That have a little business to be done,
" Take a short leave, and haste to meet again.
" *Guil.* Rest on that hope, my soul—my wife——
" L. *J. Gray.* No more."

Guil. My sight hangs on thee——Oh, support me, Heav'n.
In this last pang—and let us meet in bliss!

[Guilford *is led off by the guard.*

" L. *J. Gray.* Can nature bear this stroke?"

Wom. Alas, she faints! [*Supporting.*

L. *J. Gray.* Wo't thou fail now——The killing stroke is past,
And all the bitterness of death is o'er.

Gar. Here let the dreadful hand of vengeance stay;
Have pity on your youth, and blooming beauty;
" Cast not away the good which Heav'n bestows;"

Time may have many years in store for you,
All crown'd with fair prosperity. Your husband
Has perish'd in perverseness.

L. *J. Gray.* Cease, thou raven,
Nor violate, with thy profaner malice,
My bleeding Guilford's ghost—'Tis gone, 'tis flown:
But lingers on the wing, and waits for me.

[*The scene draws, and discovers a scaffold hung with black, Executioner and Guards.*

And see my journey's end.

1 *Wom.* My dearest lady. [*Weeping.*

" 2 *Wom.* Oh, misery!"

L. *J. Gray.* Forbear my gentle maids,
Nor wound my peace with fruitless lamentations;
The good and gracious hand of Providence
Shall raise you better friends than I have been.

1 *Wom.* Oh, never, never!———

L. *J. Gray.* Help to disarray,
And fit me for the block: do this last service,
And do it cheerfully. Now you will see
Your poor unhappy mistress sleep in peace,
And cease from all her sorrows. These few trifles,
The pledges of a dying mistress' love,
Receive and share among you. " Thou, Maria,

[*To 1 Wom.*

" Hast been my old, my very faithful servant:
" In dear remembrance of thy love, I leave thee
" This book, the law of everlasting truth:
" Make it thy treasure still; 'twas my support,
" When all help else forsook me."

Gar. Will you yet
Repent, be wise, and save your precious life?
L. *J. Gray.* Oh, Winchester! has learning taught
thee that:
To barter truth for life?
Gar. Mistaken folly!
You toil and travel for your own perdition,
And die for damned errors.
L. *J. Gray.* Who judge rightly,
And who persists in error, will be known,
Then, when we meet again. Once more, farewell,
[*To her women.*
Goodness be ever with you. " When I'm dead,
" Entreat they do no rude, dishonest wrong
" To my cold, headless corpse; but see it shrouded,
" And decent laid in earth."
Gar. Wo't thou then die?
Thy blood be on thy head.
L. *J. Gray.* My blood be where it falls; let the earth
hide it;
And may it never rise, or call for vengeance.
Oh, that it were the last shall fall a victim
To zeal's inhuman wrath! Thou, gracious Heaven,
Hear and defend at length thy suffering people;
Raise up a monarch of the royal blood,
Brave, pious, equitable, wise and good.
" In thy due season let the hero come,
" To save thy altars from the rage of Rome:
" Long let him reign, to bless the rescu'd land,
" And deal out justice with a righteous hand."

And when he fails, oh, may he leave a son,
With equal virtues to adorn his throne;
To latest times the blessing to convey,
And guard that faith for which I die to-day.

[*Lady* Jane *goes up to the scaffold. The scene closes.*

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. Horror on horror! Blasted be the hand
That struck my Guilford! Oh, his bleeding trunk
Shall live in these distracted eyes for ever!
Curse on thy fatal arts, thy cruel counsels! [*To* Gard.
The queen is deaf, and pitiless as thou art.

Gar. The just reward of heresy and treason
Is fallen upon 'em both, for their vain obstinacy;
Untimely death, with infamy on earth,
And everlasting punishment hereafter.

Pem. And canst thou tell? Who gave thee to explore
The secret purposes of Heaven, or taught thee
To set a bound to mercy unconfin'd?
But know, thou proud, perversely-judging Winchester!
Howe'er you hard, imperious censures doom,
And portion out our lot in worlds to come,
Those, who, with honest hearts, pursue the right,
And follow faithfully truth's sacred light,
Tho' suff'ring here, shall from their sorrows cease,
Rest with the saints, and dwell in endless peace.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THE palms of virtue heroes oft have worn;
Those wreaths to-night a female brow adorn.
The destin'd saint, unfortunately brave,
Sunk with those altars which she strove to save.
Greatly she dar'd to prop the juster side,
As greatly with her adverse fate comply'd,
Did all that Heav'n could ask, resign'd, and dy'd;
Dy'd for the land for which she wish'd to live,
And gain'd that liberty she could not give.
Oh, happy people of this fav'rite isle,
On whom so many better angels smile!
For you, kind Heav'n new blessings still supplies,
Bids other saints, and other guardians rise:
For you the fairest of her sex is come,
Adopts our Britain, and forgets her home:
For truth and you the heroine declines
Austria's proud eagles, and the Indian mines.
What sense of such a bounty can be shown!
But Heav'n must make the vast reward its own,
And stars shall join to make her future crown.
Your gratitude with ease may be express'd;
Strive but to be, what she would make you, bless'd.
Let not vile faction vex the vulgar ear
With fond surmise, and false affected fear:

Confirm but to yourselves the given good;
'Tis all she asks, for all she has bestow'd.
Such was our great example shewn to-day,
And with such thanks our author's pains repay.
If from these scenes, to guard your faith you learn;
If for our laws you shew a just concern;
If you are taught to dread a popish reign;
Our beauteous patriot has not dy'd in vain.

THE END.

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Rowe, Nicholas,

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